

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1430. Established 1869.

30 September, 1899.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE issue of the ACADEMY for next week will consist of a double number, and will include a supplement containing a classified list, extending over many pages, of all the new books and new editions announced for publication during the forthcoming season.

THE latest news of Mr. Grant Allen is more encouraging. Though still in an extremely precarious condition, he is suffering much less pain and is himself confident of recovery. The doctors are still unable precisely to describe his complaint.

'Tis an ill wind—. The action of the *Times*, which made it impossible for Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses* to be sold any more in this country, has enabled the book to be advertised in America as "Suppressed in England."

FROM the new Stevenson letters in *Scribner's*. To Mr. Charles Baxter:

I shall have a fine book of travels, I feel sure; and will tell you more of the South Seas after very few months than any other writer has done—except Herman Melville, perhaps, who is a howling cheese.

To Mr. William Archer:

The voyage has agreed well with all; it has had its pains, and its extraordinary pleasures; nothing in the world can equal the excitement of the first time you cast anchor in some bay of a tropical island, and the boats begin to surround you, and the tattooed people swarm aboard.

To Mr. James Payn:

It is a good thing to be a good man, whether deaf or whether dumb; and of all our fellow-craftsmen (whom yet they count a jealous race), I never knew one but gave you the name of honesty and kindness: come to think of it gravely, this is better than the finest hearing.

A WELL-KNOWN character has just passed away in the person of Mrs. Baker, of Anne Hathaway's cottage, at Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon. Mrs. Baker, who claimed to be descended from Mrs. William Shakespeare, through Susan Hathaway, Anne's niece, had lived in the cottage for more than eighty years, so that there is no visitor to the famous shrine now living who has not seen her. To thousands of Americans Mrs. Baker must have stood as the typical old English countrywoman. Some years ago the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace bought the cottage and established Mrs. Baker there as caretaker. Among the articles which were also purchased was the great bedstead in the upper room. Shakespeare's chair, however, left Shottery for Hampstead, where it became the property of Miss Crump. On Miss Crump's death it passed to America.

SINCE the early part of the year Mr. Anderson Graham has acted as Special Commissioner on Agriculture for the

Morning Post, and will shortly publish the result of his investigations with Messrs. Jarrold & Son under the title of *The Revival of English Agriculture*. During the same period he has performed the arduous task of shaping and editing the book of chess which has been expected from Mr. Blackburn, English champion for the last forty years. Messrs. Longmans hope to issue the book early next month. It will contain a biography of Mr. Blackburn.

MR. WEDMORE has been selecting, for early publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a number of the contributions on artistic and literary subjects which he has made during many years past to various Reviews and to the *Standard*. The title of this volume is to be *On Books and Arts*.

ONE of the most amusing misconceptions which we remember occurred in a recent *Daily Chronicle*, the whole mistake turning upon the two meanings of the word plant. This is the *Chronicle's* paragraph:

The Pope takes great interest in an electric plant, to which he has given the name of "Officina Electrica Vaticana Alessandro Volta," in honour of Volta. A few days ago his Holiness made a special inspection of these plants, and the employees of the Vatican gardens were presented to him by the chief.

A comic draughtsman should certainly commemorate the scene. The picture might hang at Kew.

THE sudden increase of thefts from London free libraries is another argument against the "free access" system, the libraries where this is adopted having suffered most. Clerkenwell, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Hornsey, the Cripplegate Institute, the Bishopsgate Street Institute, have all lost books. The theory is, however, not that thieves are growing more numerous, but that one thief has become more active. From the circumstance that no attempt has been made to sell any of the books in question, all of which are marked in several places, it is supposed that the thief is amassing a library of his own.

FREE access will not, we imagine, be adopted at Manchester when, next week, that city becomes the possessor of the famous Althorp Library, presented to it by Mrs. Rylands, the widow of the late John Rylands. The edifice in Deansgate which Mrs. Rylands has built to hold: he Althorp books is now ready, and formal presentation to be made on October 6. The Spencers, including the Earl Spencer from whom Mrs. Rylands bought the collection in 1892 for a quarter of a million pounds, amassed the books on generous principles. The Althorp Library comprises 80,000 volumes, including fifty Caxtons. Henceforward Manchester takes its place among the shrines of bibliophile and bibliomane.

AN instance of American Democratic prejudice occurs in the title by which one of Mr. Anthony Hope's novels is known in that country. Here, it is *Mr. Witt's Widow*; there, *Witt's Widow*.

THE generous action of another benefactor has just extricated the people of Olney from an ignoble position. The centenary of William Cowper's death falls next year, and it had been proposed that the event should be celebrated fittingly, among other plans being the purchase by the town of the poet's house at Olney to preserve as a monument of her most illustrious son and England's gentlest poet. Olney, however, did not fall in with the



WILLIAM COWPER.

project at all, and the centenary celebration seemed likely to be inadequate until Mr. W. H. Collingridge, a great Cowper enthusiast, made the town a present of the house on the condition that the famous parlour shall be used as a Cowper museum. Mr. Collingridge, who is the owner of the *City Press*, was himself born in Cowper's house, and he has a large collection of Cowper relics and objects of interest which may serve as the museum's nucleus. His action is of more than local interest; the whole nation should be glad that Cowper's memory is thus to be honoured.

A MEMORIAL to another English poet has just been erected on foreign soil. Last week a tablet to the memory of Thomas Campbell, fixed to the door of the house in Boulogne in which he died, was unveiled, the occasion being the visit of the British Association to their French correlatives. Prof. Lewis Campbell, writing, as one of the few surviving descendants of the poet, to the *Times* on the subject, says: "*Non omnis morietur*. His once bright fame has been eclipsed by poets of richer quality and of larger volume. But morsels of his work are indestructible, and his public-spirited efforts in the cause of human progress, amongst which those on behalf of a 'teaching University for London' seem likely to bear late fruit, will have to be recorded in any complete review of the century now about to close. I shall never forget the generous words of Robert Browning, who said to me, in speaking of him both as a poet and as a critic of poetry, 'He was a great man.'"

THE relationship of *The Island* to No. 5, John Street, its sequel, has led Mr. Richard Whiteing, the author, to take in hand the earlier story and revise and augment it. The result has now been published by Mr. Grant Richards. From Mr. Whiteing's new preface we take this passage:

I have ever thought that our modern problems of human destiny should bear an emotional setting. All spring from the heart, and must return to it for their final appeal. Why should the great moving causes which stir

so much the passion of pity on the one side, the passion of the sense of wrong on the other, be shut out of romantic literature—Democracy the cause of our age above all? It is to think poorly of fiction to narrow its bounds in any such way. We do it wrong, being so majestic.

They tell me that my Islanders are beginning to degenerate by in-breeding, both in body and in mind. Are they quite sure that the evil, in so far as it affects the spiritual part, does not lie rather with the observers than with the observed? I once read a French story in which it suited the purpose of the hero to feign insanity for a while. He accomplished it in the simplest way in the world—by leading a perfectly rational life. When he had nothing to say he said it, and he never made idle talk. When he had eaten his fill, he rose from table. In warm weather he laid aside all purely ceremonial clothing. In short, he lived according to reason, and he told the truth. The doctors agreed that it was an extremely bad case; and they had him in a strait-jacket in less than a week.

HERE is the character of the good Economist, from the preface to Dr. William Smart's *Distribution of Income*, published this week:

He [the student of economics] becomes less and less disposed to dogmatise, knowing very well that a man's development on any side of his subject often stops from the time when he comes to a reasoned conclusion about it. Hence he becomes known as a silent man who asks questions, and he incurs very likely the reproach of being a blind leader because he will not pronounce on such a thing as a labour dispute till long after the dispute has settled itself. He has nothing of the cloud-compelling confidence of other scientific teachers. By the nature of his subject he ought to be—and, I think, generally is—the humblest of men, and is indeed only too apt to spend the best years of his life in waiting for more light, and meantime throwing cold water on other people's enthusiasms. If afterwards he feels any superiority to his students, it is not that he knows a little more than they, but that he knows how little any one can know of law and order in this many-motivated work-a-day life of man.

NEW light on the Kingsleys is afforded by an interview with "Lucas Malet," Charles Kingsley's daughter, in the *Windsor Magazine*. According to the interviewer, the author of *The Wages of Sin* has "one grave and fundamental quarrel with Fate. It turned her out a woman, and not a man! She herself is of opinion that Nature jumbled things up altogether in the construction of her whole family, and distributed male and female characteristics at random!"

"I SOMETIMES wonder," the same lady also remarked, "whether our plots belong to people who have lived before us—our ancestors, you know, or something of that kind. There's no such thing as spontaneous generation, we know. They must have a beginning. They must come from somewhere. How are they suggested to us?" And here is a piece of sturdy optimism: "Everyone can have what he wants in this world if he only wants it hard enough, and if he only has the courage to take it when it comes. It doesn't do to hesitate. And if you're afraid—why, it's all over with you. Keep your head, and know what you want when you see it. That's where women fail as a rule; they lose their heads and get confused, and then the moment goes by and never comes back again. Or they're afraid—there's a risk attached, and they daren't face it. That's the mistake. There's a risk attached to every venture, though it's forgotten afterwards. You must face the chance of going to the bottom if you want to come to the top!"

THE ethnological and other writings of the late George Kingsley, Charles Kingsley's doctor brother, and the father of Miss Mary Kingsley, are about to be republished in a single volume under the title *Notes on Sport and Travel*. Miss Mary Kingsley will contribute an introduction.

ALMOST concurrently with the opening of the new Arts and Crafts Exhibition a minor commercial concern, with precisely similar ideals, begins its career. Mr. Montagu Fordham, the projector, has gathered together a number of artistic craftsmen who hold themselves ready to take orders for the furnishing and decoration of the home. English handiwork only will be employed. Among Mr. Fordham's associates are Mr. Cobden Saunderson and Mr. Douglas Cockerell, for book-binding; Mr. Sidney H. Barnsley and Mr. W. R. Lethaby, for furniture; Miss May Morris, for embroidery; Mr. Louis Davis and Mr. C. M. Gere, for stained glass; Mr. G. P. Bankart, for plaster work; and the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and others, for metal work. The scheme is a good one, and it will, we hope, be successful. Mr. Fordham's shop, which is in Maddox-street, opens on Monday.

DECORATIVE pictorial covers are becoming increasingly popular. Certainly, although a severe taste may object to them, they are an improvement upon the lurid designs on the old yellow-backs. Although quite out of place on the library shelves, the new method of indicating the nature of the book by means of the scene on the cover is a useful one; for it gives the would-be purchaser the keynote of the book in advance. We reproduce a good example of a keynote cover—that belonging to *Nell Gwyn's Diamond*, by I. Hooper, published by Messrs. A. & C. Black. If



we are to have pictorial covers for novels this is the way to do them.

TRULY, as Father Matthew Russell recently wrote,
Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel.

Within the covers of a comely book entitled *Florilegium Latinum* the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and the Rev. E. D. Stone have gathered together a number of very agreeable and skilful experiments by the gentlemen who still write Latin verse with ease. The book contains many excellent and brilliant versions, but what particularly strikes us, on looking it through, is Prof. Tyrrell's extraordinarily agile treatment of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." We give the opening lines:

IRREMEABILIS UNDA.
a! misera sortis
 pondere fessa!
a! temere mortis
 viam ingressa!
tollite facile
 onus tam bellum,
onus tam gracile,
 tamque tenellum.
panni gravatum
 cadaver adstringunt,
vestes elatum
 ceu funebres cingunt,
undam stillantes
 heu! illaetabilem:
statis?—amantes
 ferte amabilem.

In any form the poem would be sufficiently difficult to master, but that both rhyme and metre should be reproduced is indeed an achievement. The other translations, with the exception of the "Bridge of Sighs," are only of pre-Victorian poems. A second volume, devoted to Victorian originals, will follow.

A LITTLE while ago we quoted Miss J. H. Findlater as saying that only the part of Scotland between Peebles and Galloway had not been appropriated by any kailyard or other writer. But, according to a critic in the *Glasgow Evening News*, Miss Findlater understated the case altogether. He writes: "The greater part of Scotland is yet to be written about. Our Midlands have not yet produced their novelist; Edinburgh and Glasgow are a field untouched in modern literary art. Rural Scotland has hitherto monopolised the attention of every ambitious penman, and the cities and towns have been severely left alone. It must be because the interests presented in the teeming multitudes of a place like Glasgow are so great as to be appalling. Here, at all events, is every element of great, and moving, and permanent prose literature. Here more passions war, intrigue is more startling and profound than in Thrums and Drumtochty, pathos is among us in its triple essence, comedy and tragedy are in every close. It is true that Miss Tytler and Mr. William Black have given Glasgow backgrounds to stories, but that is nothing: the city we know, of streets, shops, slums, ships, factories, grime and grandeur, enterprise and toil, has never been the motive of a story. Pioneers, oh, pioneers! this is no footing little claim; it's a blessed Bonanza."

MR. HALL CAINE'S own dramatic version of *The Christian* is about to be performed in London. America, as our readers will remember, has already had the privilege of witnessing it. Mr. Caine states in a prefatory note that he has not, strictly speaking, dramatised the book. Instead, he has merely "taken the two principal characters of the novel, as well as the motive of their relation to each other, and made an independent drama of new incidents and fresh surroundings—just as he might have taken two characters from history and constructed thereon a play which could otherwise have no claims to historical truth. The two principal characters of this drama," Mr. Caine continues, "represent types which have been brought into existence by the latter half of the nineteenth century—the educated girl who has to fight the battle of life in professions which are usually controlled by men, and the young clergyman who makes an effort to realise, in a literal sense, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. But the social and religious problems which surround the steps of these characters in the novel are not dwelt upon in the play, which is simply a story of love."

SOME litigation, it is said, is likely to ensue between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett before *The Christian*, the drama in which the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is made manifest, has run its course. Another forthcoming play, the version by an American adaptor, of *Lorna Doone*, is also to be a subject of contention. Mr. Blackmore has made public the statement that the only authorised version is that by Mr. Horace Newte.

NUMBER II. of *The Elf*: a little book lies before us. This freakish publication proceeds from Peartree Cottage, Ingrave, Essex, and is the work of Mr. J. J. Guthrie. Half a dozen plates (better in design than reproduction), a fairy story, an essay, and three poems make up the number. One of the poems promises to be a complete alphabet on new lines, of which the first eight letters only are already given. It runs thus:

A. was an Ant-hill, and B. was a Boy
Who came with intention the Ants to annoy;
C. the Catastrophe, D. the Distress
On the face of the boy in a minute or less.

E. was an Earwig, and F. was the Flower
That Earwig intended in time to devour,
G. was the Gard'ner, and H. was his Heel
Which the mischievous insect was destined to feel.

Literary Life, the new American weekly paper of which we spoke in our last number, has inaugurated its career by inviting its readers to play once more the Academy game. The aim of the editor is to select an American Academy on the model of that of France—that is to say, to consist not merely of literary men, but of the forty most capable men in all branches of intellectual achievement. To facilitate matters a list to choose from has been drawn up, which we reproduce below. We are obliged to confess complete ignorance of many of the names:

Historians: John Fiske, Eugene Schuyler, Edward Eggleston, Hubert Howe Bancroft, John Bach McMaster, John Clark Ridpath, James Schouler, H. Von Holst.

Essayists: Charles Dudley Warner, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Thomas W. Higginson, Henry M. Alden, Donald G. Mitchell, John Burroughs.

Politicians: Hon. Wm. McKinley, Carl Schurz, Admiral George Dewey, Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator George F. Hoar, Joseph R. Hawley.

Philanthropists: Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Andrew Carnegie.

Professors: Hon. Andrew D. White, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Prof. William James, President Dean C. Worcester, President A. T. Hadley of Yale, President Daniel C. Gilman, Prof. C. E. Norton, Prof. Wm. Z. Ripley.

Dramatists: Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Clyde Fitch.

Humorists: Samuel L. Clemens, H. C. Bunner, Robert Burdette, Frank R. Stockton, J. C. Harris, Robert Grant.

Novelists: Henry James, Geo. W. Cable, Miss Wilkins, Wm. Dean Howells, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Burnett, Francis Marion Crawford, Mrs. Catherwood, A. S. Hardy, Francis Bret Harte, Edgar Fawcett, Lew Wallace, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Julian Hawthorne.

Poets: Edmund Clarence Stedman, John J. Piatt, Richard Henry Stoddard, R. W. Gilder, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Hay, Mrs. Howe, W. H. Hayne, James Whitcombe Riley, Joaquin Miller, Father Tabb, Celia Thaxter.

Critics: Hamilton W. Mabie, George E. Woodberry.

Journalists: E. L. Godkin, Whitelaw Reid, Chas. H. Taylor, Henry Watterson, Chas. Emory Smith.

Ecclesiastic: Bishop Potter.

Lawyer: Joseph H. Choate.

Sculptor: Augustus St. Gaudens.

Scientist: Thomas Edison.

Many comments rise to mind as we read this list. One is that Mr. H. C. Bunner died two or three years ago; another that the French Academy includes no philanthropists, and that even if it did Dr. E. E. Hale's name would come more fittingly with the story-tellers. But it is, of course, for the readers of *Literary Life* to straighten out these things.

Bibliographical.

A PASSAGE in Mr. Melville's *Life of W. M. Thackeray* raises again a question which has always been of interest to lovers of literature and the drama: Did Thackeray collaborate with Pierre Tournemine in producing the melodrama called "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h," which was produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Antoine, Paris, in February, 1840? When H. L. Williams published, in 1884, an English version of this play, he boldly ascribed it to the novelist, giving sundry reasons for so doing. "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" is, however, accessible in the original French, and on the title-page we find it attributed to MM. Tournemine and "Thackeray" (without initials). That Thackeray was in Paris in 1840 is matter of history, and "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" may have been part-product of his pen. Much more likely is it that the "Thackeray" of "L'Abbaye" was the novelist's cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, who was long resident in Paris where he was visited by Planché. This Captain

Thackeray, we know, dabbled in the drama, having been guilty of at least two adaptations from the French—a drama called "The Executioner," and a farce called "The Barber Baron," which saw the light in London in 1828 and 1830 respectively. He also collaborated in a comedy called "My Wife or My Place," produced at the Haymarket in 1831. In the following year he published a treatise *On Theatrical Emancipation and the Rights of Dramatic Authors*; and, altogether, it seems much more probable that "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" was written by him than that W. M. Thackeray had any hand in it. T. J. Thackeray, by the way, does not figure in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

I note among the announcements of the Clarendon Press new editions of the works of John Gower and of Thomas Kyd, of the plays and poems of Robert Greene, and of the critical essays of John Dryden. For an edition of the complete works of Gower there is obviously room. The thing is a desideratum, inasmuch as there is nothing in the market now save the reprint of the *Confessio Amantis* in the "Carisbrooke Library." Of Gower's minor works there appears to have been no edition since that of the Roxburgh Club in 1818. Of Kyd's works, too, there is no available edition. His *Spanish Tragedy* was lately reproduced in dainty guise; and that, and the *Cornelia*, and the *Soliman and Perseda*, are in the Dodsley collection; but a complete edition of Kyd is certainly to be desired. Greene, of course, was edited by Dyce in 1831, and, in a sort of way, by Robert Bell in 1846; there is also the elaborate Grosart edition of 1881-86. Still, there is room for something less elaborate than Grosart. Greene is a writer of whom, for many reasons, the new generation should know more than is known by its elders. Which of Dryden's critical essays are to be reproduced I do not know; and upon that everything depends. The *Dramatic Poesy* has been reprinted within the last few decades by Mr. T. Arnold, Mr. E. Arber, and Mr. W. H. Low; the *Satire* and the *Epic Poetry* were republished in 1886, the *Satire* and *Translation* in 1882 (ed. Yonge). A handy edition of all the critical essays would be welcome.

Minor reprints of which notice is given are those of Earle's *Microcosmography*, Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*, and Crabbe's *Borough*. Of the first of these we had two reproductions so recently as 1897 (one of them being based on the Bliss text of 1811). Then there is the 1868 reprint by Mr. Arber. Defoe's *Plague* is equally accessible—in an edition by Routledge (1893), and in the same firm's "World Library" and "Universal Library." The edition illustrated by Cruikshank in 1872 (and brought out again in 1882) might well be reissued at this juncture. Crabbe's *Borough* has not been printed separately since 1853. No doubt the reprint will justify itself; but one would rather have a new complete edition of Crabbe—something more obviously for the library and for study than the little book included in the "Canterbury Poets."

There are two anthologies of English verse of which I am glad to see the announcement: I refer to *English Elegies* and *The Kings' Lyrics*. If my memory serves me, both of these have some novelty of idea. The last-named, it seems, will cover the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Why not that of Charles II.? Nay, why not give us a selection from all the songs inspired by devotion to the House of Stuart? In regard to the book of *Elegies*, I am curious to see whether it will, or will not, be brought "down to date," for, as I need hardly tell my readers, among the most touching of English elegies are some of those written by Mr. Swinburne—notably that on the death of Barry Cornwall.

Mr. C. B. Fernald has published in book form his adaptation of "The Ghetto," and it is understood that he is to follow it up with the text of his two original plays, "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The Moonlight Blossom." We are further taught to expect from him a book of *Stories of China Town*.
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Pigeon-holing of Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold. By George Saintsbury. (Blackwood.)

WE do not know anything very positive about Prof. Saintsbury's temperament; but a careful reading of his *Matthew Arnold* is enough to convince us that it is not the temperament which can deal fairly with Matthew Arnold. Mr. Saintsbury, despite his curious tendency to inaccuracy and to conclusions based upon insufficient grounds—his passion, in a word, for building up a huge general out of a minute particular—has the sort of mind which is best understood under a figure of pigeon-holes. Prof. Huxley, without Mr. Saintsbury's tendency to inaccuracy, had very much the same sort of mind. It is a mind which, if it be combined with any considerable thinking powers, can make a great impression on the world, and has, indeed, in many of its manifestations, made such an impression. We have said that Mr. Saintsbury has the pigeon-hole form of mind, despite that which appears to be almost his constitutional failing; for here precisely lies the paradox. The pigeon-hole form of mind tolerates no doubt, has no fears, despises all opponents, and possesses scarcely any dramatic imaginativeness. It is, as a rule, extremely industrious, and it derives its name from the fact that it is in the habit of collecting any quantity of conclusions and facts, tying them up in separate bundles, and, after carefully drying and labelling them, putting them away for future use in the pigeon-holes of memory. They then become, so to put the matter, stock-in-trade. As has been implied, if your facts are carefully selected and verified, and if your conclusions are impressive and plausible, the pigeon-hole mind is a very useful possession indeed. It is the sort of mind that *gets on* in the world. On that side stands Prof. Huxley. But what if your facts are picked up here and there (chiefly at random), and are then bundled together without very careful sorting? What if your conclusions are mostly based on assumptions of by no means acceptable or catholic first principles? What if the lack of power to sustain close argument brings those conclusions, even when the first principle is admitted, into some fallacious finish? The result is that you still are a little awed by the dead sort of certitude which invariably distinguishes the pigeon-hole mind, but that it is impossible, under the influence of a little careful thought, to regard either the statements of fact or the cocksure little conclusions with a very deepset respect or a very serious sympathy. Need it be added that Prof. Saintsbury stands on this side—that this is his province in the kingdom of the pigeon-hole mind? Here he is the satrap indeed.

Now at its very best this sort of temperament would have been ignobly inadequate for the expounding of such a personality as that of Matthew Arnold. If there was one thing with which Arnold had not a shred of sympathy it was the method of pigeon-holing applied to any mental process whatsoever. Macaulay, just because he was the most brilliant, the keenest, the most consummate example of this class, provoked him to unreasoning, if not altogether unreasonable, indignation. "What has he ever taught these times?" That was Arnold's question; and if you granted the underlying premise, you felt that the question, from Arnold's point of view, dismissed Macaulay into space. But Mr. Saintsbury, while perceiving, as everybody must perceive, Arnold's point of view, stands clear outside any sympathetic understanding of it. With amazing stolidity he pulls, on all occasions, out of pigeon-hole *x*, *y*, or *z* a set of conclusions which are naturally based upon premises which begin by being the precise contradictory of Arnold's premises. Without pausing to inquire—that would be a denial of the law—into the nature of either his own or Arnold's first principles, he condemns his man out of hand for the sole reason that Arnold's conclusions are not Mr. Saintsbury's.

Let us take one crucial and particular instance which demonstrates this point finally and beyond recall. Arnold, as we all know, had a peculiar prejudice against the dry and undramatic study of history which belongs to our system of modern education. "I do not like the course for the History School at all; nothing but read, read, read endless histories in English, many of them by quite second-rate men; nothing to form the mind as reading really great authors forms it, or even to exercise it as learning a new language, or mathematics, or one of the natural sciences exercises it." There, on a definite point, was a statement made by Arnold and built up through a certain train of reasoning which had for its basis a fixed first principle by which the theorist chose to regulate the usefulness and advantages of this or that kind of mental development. Now what does Mr. Saintsbury here? He flies to the pigeon-hole marked *h*, and takes down a bundle which contains this for its ascertained premiss and conclusion: "The study of history is one of extreme importance; therefore the man who does not care for the history course cannot be regarded seriously as an educator; but Mr. Arnold was such a contemner; therefore . . ." Mr. Saintsbury does not formulate his conclusions quite so definitely as this; but it is enough that he deduces in Arnold a "dislike to history," declares that to a "man of ideas" history must be "an annoying study," because "the things that ought to happen do not happen, and the things that do happen have to be awkwardly explained away." Could anything show more clearly than this how hopelessly impossible it is for one of Mr. Saintsbury's temperament ever to understand the springs, the sources from which a man like Arnold drew his theory and his teaching? Here the case is narrowed down to a definite issue. Arnold's position is clear; so is Mr. Saintsbury's; but because each position has its own atmosphere of sense and significance, it is impossible for one to live in the atmosphere of the other. The very essence of the same words of the same proposition as used by the two men differs with each utterance. For Arnold's meaning is beset by a thousand subtle comparisons, relations and siftings. Mr. Saintsbury's is, we fear, as plain and as bald as a geometrical axiom, and leads to conclusions as unprofitable as they hit wide of the mark.

When, then, it comes to a discussion by Mr. Saintsbury of Arnold's religious position, the result is as grotesque as it is exasperating. Mr. Saintsbury's boisterous orthodoxy clamours, and grins, and twists in elephantine curves, and is throughout magnificently certain of itself. Out come the first principles, tumbling one over the other in their anxiety to be stated, where to have been stated suffices apparently for Mr. Saintsbury's purpose. "Not believe in hell-fire!" said the devout believer to the doubter. "Not believe in hell-fire! Why, I *know* that hell-fire exists." That is the Professor's attitude. Arnold, with his splendid and sincere desire to get at the meaning even of orthodoxy—"Don't read St. Paul under the influence of a Sunday convention; get at the back of his actual, living meaning"—that Arnold is placed by Mr. Saintsbury "In The Wilderness" (the actual title of the chapter devoted to this portion of the life). We are not concerned here to defend Matthew Arnold's religious theories; but it is fitting that a biographer should be able to understand, by some sort of imaginative sympathy, the mental attitude of his subject. Mr. Saintsbury may be right, for all we care, in every single point of his theory of religion. What we require in a book of this kind, however, is some intelligent stating of Arnold's case, some presentment of his actual frame of mind, some touching of the fountains from which he drew his doctrine, some delineation of cause and effect, as these developed in the workings of a rare and subtle spirit. We get none of this from Mr. Saintsbury. He frankly sees no responsibility other than to take up scattered propositions from Arnold's works and argue, argue, argue, for all the world like any hot-gospeller. The futility

of the position could not be overstated. In nine cases out of ten, even on the mere point of argument, which nobody wants and which profits nothing, Mr. Saintsbury is baldly and grimly unconvincing. Take one sufficing example. "The prophecy of the details of Peter's death," says Arnold in *Literature and Dogma*, "is almost certainly an addition after the event, because it is not at all in the manner of Jesus." "Oho!" cries Mr. Saintsbury, "and where do you get any knowledge of the 'manner of Jesus' outside the Gospels?" And then (we quote now textually): "So you must, by the inner light, pick and choose out of the very same documents what, according to your good pleasure, is 'in the manner of Jesus,' and then black-mark the rest as being not so"—with a great deal more to the same effect. That is precisely the case. Did Arnold ever deny that he had no knowledge of Jesus outside the Gospels? Does he not practically say: "In the consistent pictures the Gospels give, in bulk, of Jesus, the prophecy of Peter's death does not take a natural place?" He may be right or he may be wrong; but it is a clear proposition, and is scarcely answered by a mere restatement of the very grounds on which its conclusion is based. But that is Mr. Saintsbury's way of argument. It is nothing more or less than a long exposition of the fact that Mr. Saintsbury has no capacity whatever of presenting to you any vital picture or even vital impression of the personality of Arnold.

We have left ourselves but scant space in which to discuss Mr. Saintsbury's attitude towards Arnold the poet, as distinguished from Arnold the thinker; but there is little enough that we could say of profit. There are better things to be found, however, in the book when we enter this province; but they are none of them very illuminative, or even passably striking. Mr. Saintsbury leaves no clear and exact impression of what he really thinks of Arnold, regarded as a writer of poetry as a whole rather than as a writer of separate poems. He tells you, taking those poems *seriatim*, that he likes four lines here, but dislikes the two lines immediately following; there are three stanzas in one poem, perhaps, of high-water mark, and two in the same poem which show Arnold at his worst; and so forth, and so forth. That is the sort of thing which supplies the argument of page after page. A good deal of it may be sound enough; but, frankly, we do not very much care if it is, although we can quite understand that Mr. Saintsbury was not naturally the man to do the thing according to any other method. For here that fatal temperament comes in again. Mr. Saintsbury is scholar enough to pick out a couple of lines, a stanza or a long poem, and to discuss them all with a complacent air of authority. But it is literally the dead page, not the living poet's soul, of Matthew Arnold that he chooses for his commentary. You do not leave the book with any definite impression of the fulness, the totality of the poet's work. You are only aware, for Mr. Saintsbury lets you know it with damnable iteration, that he does most cordially admire the famous lines—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

So far as these two lines go, it is certain that Mrs. Micawber never will desert Mr. Micawber.

The biographical element in the book again is extremely slight; but Mr. Saintsbury is aware of it and has his explanation pat. For the rest, the actual writing, though far from satisfactory at all times, is a good deal better, on the whole, than the writing to be found in most of the recent works published by this hand. Such words as "epistoler" and "equivalenced" still star his pages; you come across such a sentence as, "Despondency is a pretty piece of melancholy, and, with a comfortable stool, will suit a man well"; but on the whole, there are fewer evidences of Mr. Saintsbury's slipshod and confused manner in his *Matthew Arnold* than we had dared to expect.

Woman.

Women and Economics: A Study of the Economic Relation between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. (Putnam's.)

Questions for Women (and Men). By Honnor Morten. With an Introduction by Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. (A. & C. Black.)

HERE are two books written by and about women. There is no resemblance in their methods and very little in their aim. The one is wholly theoretic, the other almost wholly practical. The one deals with the world's "change of heart," the other mainly with certain vulnerable joints in our existing social and industrial armour. Mrs. Stetson offers us something like a system of sociology; Miss Morten shows us where and how the woman who wants to be socially helpful can best apply her energies. Her book is, in spite of its title, not at all controversial; it contains not so much "questions" as—if the expression may be permitted—"tips." Its curious and interesting relation to Mrs. Stetson's longer volume lies in its point of view. Mrs. Stetson's whole aim is to demonstrate: (1) that woman has not been an independent economic unit; (2) that the whole race has suffered by her dependence; and (3) that this dependence is on the way to cease, greatly to the gain of the whole world. Miss Morten does not talk at all about the independence of women, but almost every word of her book rests upon the assumption that women are independent. The average English reader, naturally hostile to general ideas, will be able to read it with perfect comfort; will find in it all sorts of "practical" facts, and useful instructions as to details of conduct; and will, not impossibly, be strengthened unawares in a habit not so much of believing women to be independent human beings as of acting as though they were.

But when he turns to *Women and Economics*—which, on account of its title, he will, no doubt, be slow to do—this same average reader will find himself singularly disconcerted. He will be compelled by unanswerable arguments to admit that all women used to be, and that most women still are, economically dependent upon men; that the money they receive is not measured by the work they do, but by the wealth of the man belonging to them; and that, in short, they are not paid by or for their work at all. This position having been established, he will be carried on to consider the result of such economic dependence. The first result has been to make marriage a livelihood for women—a calling undertaken, like other callings, largely upon commercial considerations. The natural grounds of selection—so advantageous to the future development of the race—tend to be overridden. The woman seeks not only the desired mate, but also the supporter who can provide her with the material necessities of life. Another result has been to cut off women from the general stream of industrial development; to keep them isolated workers, employed in comparatively simple, but multifarious, processes, instead of sending them out to share the complex co-operative processes of some single highly specialised trade.

The woman who, in her own home, follows a score of callings, must, by the nature of things, fail to reach the highest excellence in any. Her skill, whatever its degree, is acquired, as the earliest workers acquired theirs, by practice, by rule of thumb, and each generation has to begin the work over again from much the same starting-point. Cut off from wide social interests, cultivated only on the side of her family affections, woman has naturally remained a creature of narrow views, and her influence on man has accordingly been a narrowing one. A mother who sees nothing beyond the family horizon cannot be expected to imbue her sons with wide public spirit. If, however, economic dependence were the necessary condition of healthy

motherhood—if, in other words, the well-being of the race demanded it—all these concomitant evils, however clearly recognised, would have to be accepted and endured. The price might be heavy, but it would have to be paid. The question whether this is so is next considered, and the conclusion arrived at, that so far from being better equipped for maternal functions, the carefully supported woman who lives and works in her own home is rather less fitted for motherhood than the savage or the peasant; while mentally she is rather less competent as an educator than the father who has lived in the larger developments of the world, or the teacher trained not in the enclosed home but outside it. At this point Mrs. Stetson, for the first time, seems to overstep the mark a little. That the average human mother falls considerably below the standard of motherhood conceived by the best and most enlightened of her race is unquestionable. But that the animals are, in their sphere, much more successful may be doubted. Few of us who have had animal friends have not lost one at least at the birth of offspring. Human infantile mortality stands, indeed, sadly high; but what of the kittens, the puppies, the young birds, who in a state of nature fall victims every year not only to enemies or to climatic mischances, but to the neglect or stupidity of their mothers? Hens frequently refuse to feed a second brood, and leave the chicks to starve; cats—and the cat is a good mother—will hide their young and lose them, or drop them from high places, or desert them. Why, the very circumstance that one at a birth suffices to keep the human race going, while a reserve is necessary to the quadrupeds, shows that the woman manages better. No, it cannot be maintained that the human mother is less competent than the mother cat or than the mother hen; what cannot be disputed is, that she is much less competent than she might be if she were a better developed creature.

As a housekeeper, in the widest sense of the word, Mrs. Stetson finds the dependent woman no more satisfactory than as a mother. She points out, as so many other writers and speakers have done, the extravagance, the waste of labour, and the poor results in the way of comfort that attend our present system of housekeeping. Most reformers who touch this subject do but preach in the wilderness; and the reason why no one marks them is that they do not discriminate between the common kitchen and the common home. In England, at any rate, the human creature as at present developed does not desire to share his home with a crowd of fellow creatures, however charming or cultivated. He desires to have at least one room all to himself; and is tempted by no promise of space or splendour, or good food or low prices, if these are to be bought at the cost of privacy. Mrs. Stetson avoids this accustomed confusion of the kitchen and the home. "We are not going," she says, "to lose our homes, nor our families, nor any of the sweetness and happiness that go with them. But we are going to lose our kitchens, as we have lost our laundries and bakeries. The cook-stove will follow the loom and wheel, the wool carder and the shears. We shall have homes that are places to live in and love in, to rest in and play in, to be alone in and to be together in; and they will not be confused or de-classed by admixture with any industry whatever."

While deploring the dependence of women, and looking with eagerness to the day of its total disappearance, Mrs. Stetson does not attribute that dependence either to the deliberate malice of man or the deliberate folly of woman. On the other hand, she sees that it was at one stage useful, and perhaps essential, for the race. She perceives that man, as the guardian and provider of woman and child, had to assume a position and qualities quite undeveloped in other male animals, who leave their mate and progeny to shift for themselves. "The subjection of woman has involved, to an enormous degree, the maternalising of man. Under its bonds he has been forced into new functions impossible to male energy alone. He has had to learn to

love and care for someone besides himself. He has had to learn to work, to serve, to become human."

There has been another gain to the race which Mrs. Stetson does not note. In the upper middle class of this country, and perhaps in even greater measure in the corresponding class in America, while the brothers become early engrossed in the strenuous competition of modern commerce, the sisters—whose age of marriage is deferred by the fact that the possible husband must first earn enough to keep himself and his wife—remain longer at school or college, and, when they return home, have leisure which they often employ in reading and study. Such women are generally better educated than their brothers and husbands. They form an artificially leisured class, and have turned their leisure to good use. From mothers of this group come England's best and ablest men; and from women of this group, married and unmarried, has come almost exclusively the movement for more freedom, more social activity, more personal life. The existence of this class makes possible such a manual as Miss Morten's, with its notes upon college life, upon public work, upon women's settlements, upon nursing and education. Women of this class, engaged in all sorts of public work, we see around us daily and accept quite contentedly. Nobody nowadays is shocked, and the nation is perceptibly the richer. Yet when these changes are formularised and set out in general terms many of us will be ready to exclaim and deny and to denounce Mrs. Stetson as a dangerous and subversive writer. Such dissentients may be reminded of Mr. John Morley's dictum, which, acknowledging that women may be regarded either as wives or mothers, or as independent human beings, boldly declares that a writer's appreciation of the conditions of human progress may be estimated by his attitude in regard to women, and that the writer who thinks of woman rather as wife and mother than as an independent person will have comparatively mean notions even of wifehood and motherhood.

If the writer, surely also the reader may be thus estimated, and Mrs. Stetson's book may be used as a touchstone. To-day it will meet with opposition and dispute—more or less according as we appreciate more or less truly the conditions of human progress. Ten years hence—perhaps five years hence—it will be accepted eagerly; twenty years hence it will be a mere milestone of history, as Mary Wollstonecroft's *Education of Daughters* is to-day. These are the stages through which books must pass which contain true analyses of transient societies. But the literary historian who, somewhere towards the latter half of the twentieth century, in order to write the record of woman's extinct economic dependence, looks up Mrs. Stetson's volume will find, amid phrases grown old-fashioned and arguments long since admitted, a sparkle of wit, a lucidity of statement, and an admirable spirit of justice and allowance, likely even in those improved days to be still rare among controversialists.

A Champion of the Maori.

A Sketch of the New Zealand War. By Morgan S. Grace, C.M.G. (Marshall.)

THERE are occasions when the most skilful literary man may strive and strive, pile word on word, pursue epithet and image, in his endeavour to make his story live, and not all his art can overcome a something antipathetic which frustrates his every effort. And then the amateur may step carelessly into the ring, dash down a few unpremeditated sentences, and snatch the laurel by virtue of possessing some vivifying essence which stamps his effort vital. The book before us is another instance of the success of the amateur. The author is a man of action, a politician, with a non-literary mind. All he set out to do was to recall his adventures in the New Zealand War in the early sixties, and thus enable the English reader to learn "what

blundering asses we were and what fine fellows the Maori." There are a score of indications that he wrote his little history with a running pen: it is without careful order, it is tangential and scrappy; and yet it lives; the thing has been done. Mr. Grace, as his title tells us, thought that he was writing a mere sketch, a hurried outline; but instead the essential details are all here too. What is more, the book is in the grandly simple manner, a veritable little saga.

Mr. Grace is an Irishman who, when a young man, shipped for Auckland in medical charge of troops. The Maori War was beginning when he landed, and, taking the place of a brother medical officer who wished to stay at home and continue his courtship, he was ordered to the front with the 65th. In an undress staff frockcoat he paraded with the regiment. The Brigade-Major, mounted on a rough ten-pound animal, picked out the dandy stranger. "He rode straight at me, pulled his horse on his haunches, swung him a bit to the left, and shouted out: 'You think yourself a swell, sir. I am Brigade-Major Slack. You are going to Taranaki. Tell Colonel Gold, sir, he is hitching the whole war. As for Colonel Murray, I shall have him broke, sir, I shall have him broke.' He rode off. I smiled, and ranked him a shingle short." The regiment then embarked for New Plymouth. It was not long before the young doctor tasted war. He describes his first impressions:

As soon as the Maori saw our object they opened fire. Our bugles sounded "Take cover." Our men immediately fell flat, crept up anyhow to some gorse hedges, and fired blindly through the fences at anything or nothing. As I lay prone on the ground, clutching absolutely—not figuratively—at the blades of grass, the balls ripped up the sward around me. I first drew in one leg, then another, then tucked in my arm, anon tried to bury my head in my shoulders, or my buttock in my back. It was useless, there was no escape. My soul was frozen within me. My orderly, Corporal Prince, was lying beside me. I knew nothing of his state of mind. The bugle sounded. My heart stood still, then the blood bounded back to my brain.

"What is it, Corporal?"

"Call for the medical officer, sir."

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."

An electric flash went through my brain. Have you the courage to neglect your sacred duty? Look in the face of your comrades with the brand of a coward on your heart? No, no! A thousand times no. I arose, alert and smiling. Corporal Prince and I marched with coolness and dignity from one end of the line of skirmishers to the other, almost the only persons exposed to the fire of the enemy. I looked after the wounded without cover and under fire. Now that I had something to do my fear was gone.

And here we return to the author's original purpose: to show what blundering asses we were and what fine fellows the Maori; to show also, as he puts it elsewhere, that the Maori of that time was "a gentleman, a man of superior talent and undoubted courage, who knew more about strategy, fortification, defence and attack, than our army had learned either at Woolwich or in India." Not that Mr. Grace would belittle England; "my sympathies," he says, "are with the Maori, though my affections are all with the British soldier"—that is how the case stands. One of his stories reflects equally charmingly on both his friends:

The chief military duty at that time consisted of outpost work. I noticed that the men of the 40th and 12th regiments came in jaded and weary, whilst the soldiers of the 65th Foot always turned up in the morning fresh and rosy. I was much struck with this difference, which was more marked in rough, wet weather. The temperaments of the men accounted for part of it; but the difference was so glaring I determined to inquire into the cause.

I asked a 65th man for an explanation. He said: "We are on duty to-night. The weather is wet and cold. Come round to our outposts after 'grand rounds' and see for yourself."

I did so. The outposts had been inspected, all orders were given for the night. The officer on duty had retired within the lines. I crept up and was recognised by the men. A soldier near me on sentry called out in a loud, drawing voice: "How are you?"

Immediately, long spun out: "How are you all?" [in Maori] was heard.

The soldier replied: "God save you all."

The Maori replied: "Good, it is the 65th Regiment."

The soldier answered: "Good, it is the Maori."

The Maori said: "Too wet and cold to-night. Let us all go to sleep."

The soldier replied: "All right."

Certain it is there was no firing. Each relied on the other's honour. Had there been any change of policy, the Maori would assuredly have given full notice.

Throughout Mr. Grace insists on the sportsmanlike character of the Maori. They refrained from surprising their enemies on many occasions when massacre was almost invited. During one laborious march for the purpose of storming a pa, or stockade, "the Maori, I think," says Mr. Grace, "were in the neighbouring scrub smoking their pipes and laughing at us. I do not in the least wonder they did not fire. First, our men were like a lot of children out blackberrying; second, the Maori had built three lovely pas and they wanted us to have a look at them." Also, and this is delicious, "they were just as anxious to see the big guns in action as we were."

One warrior, taken prisoner at the attack on Kaharamaea, was visited by General Cameron in hospital. Mr. Grace, who was in charge, described his career.

I said: "General, this is a most extraordinary man. He has received two gunshot wounds, his thigh has already been amputated, and his arm is in danger; he has had the bayonet thrust into his body seven times, and received four sabre wounds in the head. Look at him now; smoking his pipe as tranquilly as a baby sucking a bottle."

The interpreter interpreted all I had said to the Maori. He nodded his head, and smiled in a sweet and gentle manner.

The general's eye moistened, and he became a little pale.

"In the name of God," he exclaimed, "why did you resist our advance? Could you not see we were in overwhelming force?"

The Maori replied: "What would you have us do? This is our village, these are our plantations. Men are not fit to live if not brave enough to defend their own homes."

The general looked abashed. "At any rate," he said, "I am glad to see you are now well treated. Have you any complaints to make?"

"No . . . By the way, yes. Whilst I was lying wounded on the ground, and after a soldier had given me a drink, an officer came up and sabred me."

"That is not according to the usages of war."

"That is a slave's work."

The general turned purple and swore an oath. "I'll cashier him. Would you know the man?"

"Yes. I was a little flurried, but I would know the man."

There was a great turmoil in the camp; hot and fevered inquiries. Presently a colour-sergeant marched in, holding a drummer-boy by the ear. The boy was marched up opposite the Maori, who continued to smoke and gazed at him intently.

"Is that the officer?"

"Yes," said the Maori, "that is he."

The interpreter explained that the youth was a drummer-boy, and his sword was only a toy.

"Do not say any more about it," quoth the Maori. "Boys must be boys. We train our sons in the same way."

This man was again taken prisoner. "What?" said Mr. Grace, "in arms again?" "Yes," he said; "what would you have a man do? He must stand by his own people." The man was imprisoned, with some hundred and twenty others, in a hulk anchored outside Wellington Harbour. One night, during a gale, the waves broke over her. This was the Maori's chance; they slid through the porthole, one by one, and swam and drifted to

Nghawranga, four miles distant, taking it in turns to support their aged chief. Five succumbed, but not the one-legged hero. This escape was the last episode in the war. The Maori, says Mr. Grace, were never conquered; they realised that a kingdom in which the white man should be subject to themselves was impossible, and they therefore ceased fighting.

The Persian Poet of Wisdom.

The Gulistan, or Rose-Garden, of Sadi. Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold. (Thomas Burleigh.)

WHAT is the reason that versions of Eastern poets seldom justify to an English reader the great reputation of the originals? Sir Edwin Arnold is peculiarly qualified for such a task, both by his knowledge of the East and its languages, and by his very considerable achievement as an original poet: he has chosen for his experiment one of the greatest poets of Persia, a country renowned for poets. Yet it is probable that after getting through one of these "Babs," or gateways, the English reader will turn for solace to another Bab, by one W. S. Gilbert. Partly, no doubt, it is the insistent obtrusion of certain Eastern formulae, which produces ultimately an almost ludicrous and altogether tedious effect in English. Partly it is that we do not relish continual moralities; nor is the apologue, with its tagged-on lesson, a favourite form with us. Partly, also, something is due to the forms of verse adopted in rendering Eastern poetry. Probably Sir Edwin would say he used the metres which had the nearest correspondence with those of the original. But a translator should surely consider likewise what is the effect of a metre in English; and the effect of his metres is to us trivial and unworthy of the subject-matter.

Aye, *shikam*! ignoble belly, content thyself with a cake,
Lest thy better, the manly backbone, with shameful bending
should break!

Such verse is not merely undignified, but perilously akin to doggrel. Yet the substance is strong and well-turned, worthy of a graver metric form.

Briefly, the book consists of a series of moral anecdotes in prose, the lesson of which is driven home by aphorisms in verse. It is full of shrewd reflection, mingled often with deep wisdom, and its ethical standard is very high. The *Bab*, or section devoted to Darweeshes, contains the loftiest morality, rising often to spirituality of a very striking kind, applicable to all religions which profess a supernatural and ascetic element. That entitled *The Manners of Kings* has perhaps the most shrewdness. As an example, take the anecdote of the cheater of the poor, who was warned by a wise man that punishment would follow. Being burned out of his house by an accident, he asks whence the flames have come. The wise man, being present, answers: "From the fire of the burning hearts of the poor they came!"

Beware of the smoke that from souls doth part,
For the flame will burst from the ashes at length!
Wrong not too deeply one human heart,
For a sigh to o'erturn the world hath strength!

The stories are always apposite, and show a man of wide and varied experience, who has thought deeply on what he has seen: for Sadi was an indefatigable traveller. And one can understand that many of the aphorisms, in grave and deftly-turned verse, would have for a Persian the memorability of the aphorisms of Shakespeare or Pope. But in English, and in their present form, they will leave our native makers of aphorisms secure.

"His hand moves always in radiance of
Blessing."

Bernardino Luini. By G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." (Bell.)

THE new series of "Great Masters" has at least two advantages over its predecessor, the "Great Artists," to which reference has already been made in the columns of the ACADEMY. One is in the illustrations. Instead of a few meagre cuts from engravings, we are treated to a liberal number of reproductions from admirable photographs, many of them taken for the first time for the purpose of the series. In the case of the present volume on Luini these amount to forty, including a photogravure frontispiece, and nearly all are excellent. The only exceptions are such large compositions as the Lugano "Passion," which cannot possibly be reproduced to good effect on so small a scale. In these cases details—such as, for instance, the Magdalene figure in the "Passion"—would have been better. The other advantage is in the topographical list of all known works by, or ascribed to, the painter dealt with. These are something after the fashion of those in Mr. Berenson's well-known volumes; but they are accompanied by full descriptions of the composition and colouring of a majority of the pictures, for which Mr. Berenson does not find room. We are not sure, however, that the text of Dr. Williamson's volume is quite as good as its trimmings. In the case of Luini a biography, properly so called, is out of the question. Vasari neglects him, and the only material available consists of a few dates on the pictures, a few traditions, a few documents disinterred from archives of the convents where he worked. Properly, then, the treatment should resolve itself into a critical essay, and with such a name we can hardly dignify the series of somewhat disjointed, though occasionally interesting, notes which Dr. Williamson puts before us. There is endless description and endless comment, but a whole Luini fails to disengage himself. Two types of modern art criticism find admirable examples in two quotations which Dr. Williamson gives. Mr. Ruskin says of Luini: "Every touch he lays is eternal; every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure, his hand moves always in radiance of blessing; from day to day his life enlarges in power and in peace; it passes away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining arched far against the night." And Morelli says: "His forms are round and somewhat heavy, the feet usually too long and the hands too broad and large, eyes long and narrow, and lips protruding." Dr. Williamson tries to combine the Ruskinian and Morellian spirits, but in his heart, we take it, he is Morellian. And with the utmost respect for Morelli and for his methods, we must confess some dismay at the light-hearted fashion in which his pupils bandy about their ascriptions of pictures to this artist and that. What, for instance, is the value of such a note as this on the "Herodias' Daughter" at Vienna?—"In the collection of the Grand Duke William, and then ascribed to Leonardo. Morelli attributed this to Solario, but we consider it is the work of Luini." No reasons are given, and, indeed, Dr. Williamson too often fails to give reasons for his attributions, which thus sink to the level of mere guesses. Moreover, he is inconsistent. On one page he tells you that the "La Columbina" at Dorchester House is a copy; on another, speaking of the various versions of the same picture, he says: "The two at St. Petersburg and Dorchester House we distinctly assign to Luini." Finally, and worst of all, he makes his attributions from photographs. He can never have seen the "La Columbina" at St. Petersburg, because he has never been there. We know that he has never been there, because he says of the St. Sebastian in the same gallery: "We have not seen this picture, and cannot, therefore, dogmatise upon its origin." "Therefore" is good.

Other New Books.

A FURTHER STUDY OF OTHELLO. BY WALKER GIVEN.

THIS is a somewhat egregious contribution to Shakesperian scholarship. Mr. Given, like some other of his countrymen, has the racial antagonism between white and black upon his brain, and believes that Shakespeare and the Elizabethan audiences had it too. He tries to find therein a totally unnecessary key to the tragedy of *Othello*. The marriage of Othello and Desdemona, he says, was not a "miscegenation" but a "non-somatic union." Othello pledged himself before the Senate that this should be so, and in those abnormal conditions is to be found the secret of his unreasonable and morbid jealousy. This amazing theory is expounded at tedious length, and with considerable ingenuity in misinterpreting plain English and in finding out subtleties where none exist. We have re-read the play with Mr. Given's views in our mind, and are assured that there is nothing in them. After all, Shakespeare was not Ibsen. The difficulties which Mr. Given conceives his explanation to wipe away exist only in his own imagination, and the evolution of the plot is quite intelligible and straightforward without any such motive as he suggests. Moreover, the repulsion of sex between white man and negro, which doubtless exists, had certainly not become self-conscious in the sixteenth century; and if it had, it could not have affected the relations of Othello and Desdemona, for a Moor is not a negro, as Shakespeare probably knew very well. He is, of course, so far as physiological relations go, a member of the Caucasian or Mediterranean group, and not of the negro group. Mr. Given has, therefore, based an offensive superstructure on a non-existent foundation. (Kegan Paul.)

THE TUTTLEBURY TROUBLES. BY W. CARTER PLATTS.

THIS, as its title makes clear, is a work of humour, Tuttlebury belonging to the same genus of comic name as Spoffkins. Mr. Tuttlebury—Erasmus Tuttlebury—who has already been made the hero of the *Tuttlebury Tales*, is here shown in various predicaments. He learns the bicycle, he endeavours to intimidate a Scotch heifer, he visits a fashionable milliner's, and so forth. Mr. Platts seems to us to owe a great deal to the American writer who created a sardonic domestic experimentalist and tyrant named Spoopendyke, whose merits have never been sufficiently recognised, and of whom Mr. Tuttlebury is but the pale reflection. But this fact does not interfere in the least with the fun of the present work, which, for such festive occasions as smoking concerts, is as well adapted to keep the audience merry as anything we have seen for some time. There is something in one of Mr. Jerome's volumes very like Mr. Platts's dedication to his pipe. (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD. BY C. S. JERRAM.

Under this title Mr. Jerram offers a handy and concise guide to the fighting strength of the nations, so that anyone spoiling for a battle may easily make his choice of an enemy. Information concerning the Transvaal is, of course, the most interesting at the present moment. According to Mr. Jerram, the country upon which we are meditating attack has a war strength of 26,500 burghers, 14,200 of whom are between eighteen and thirty-five years of age. "The State Artillery is the nucleus of the armed forces. It has been re-organised since 1895. It must always be ready to march. The corps comprises a colonel, 109 other officers and N.C.O.s, 226 artillerymen, 28 apprentice telegraphists, &c. The large number of officers is for training purposes. . . . The number of guns is only approximately known. It is not less than the following:—Six light and six heavy Krupp guns, four light and two heavy quick-firing guns, one rifled muzzle-

loading gun, one machine gun." There are also several volunteer corps. The Orange Free State permanent troops consist of eighty field artillerymen. The reserve for this force consists of 400 men. The number of men liable to serve is 20,000. Strategy, says Mr. Jerram in his introduction, is still what it was. "Could Cæsar return to lead the armies of France or Germany, his aims and objects, and the principles underlying those aims and objects, would still be those of the Gallic War." The arrangement of the book is orderly, and Mr. Jerram has not wasted words; but it is, of course, impossible to say to what extent his information is accurate. For instance, at the present moment the condition of the Transvaal forces is certainly very different from that given in the account which we have quoted. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THE SOTERIOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY PROF. W. PORCHER DU BOSE.

THE new edition of Dr. Du Bose's *Soteriology* is distinguished from that of 1892 mainly by a preface. In this is indicated his line of defence against certain critics who in the chapter on the human personality of Christ, and particularly in the use of the phrase itself, found matter of offence. At first sight it would seem to imply the severance of Christ into two persons; and Mr. Gladstone, while professing himself satisfied that it was used "with no evil intent," affixed to it a note which may be taken, perhaps, as equivalent to the technical "scandalous." The confessed inadequacy of the words "person" and "substance" to the mysteries they are used to enshrine is Dr. Du Bose's principal defence. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE SPIRIT AND THE INCARNATION.

BY THE REV. W. L. WALKER.

It is not easy—and the attempt savours of audacity—in a few lines to summarise and, however superficially, to criticise a book that represents the serious thought and labour of twenty-five years. In these pages is traced the path by which an earnest Scots parson believes himself to have hewn his way back to orthodox Christianity. We say believes himself, because, with the best will in the world, we cannot see that he is there. The doctrine of the Primitive Church, as formulated by the Council of Nicea and ever since accepted by East and West, is that Jesus is "God of God . . . begotten before the ages." Mr. Walker teaches that the Incarnation is a process carried forward by the Holy (or ethical) Spirit and consummated in Christ; who "had to realise His Divine-human manhood through constant receptiveness of and obedience to the Spirit which was the Divine principle within Him." This should mean that it is as an Incarnation of the Holy Spirit that He is the Son of God; which, with regard to the Divine Persons, is absolutely to turn upside down all the traditions of two thousand years.

The full truth of the Incarnation is that God has in Christ manifested *His* life of Sonship in human form, which was *our* life in its truth, and was therefore the "Son of man," and manifested *His* life in that human form which, divested of the flesh, He retains for ever, and in which we see the possibility and behold the image of our own eternal life in God. It was the one God and Father in Christ by His Holy Spirit, as He is in us all, but in Him *organically* as the result of the whole Divine working in the world to that end, and so completely possessed by Him that the human was entirely *one* with the Divine.

The book is not all as difficult as this; but seeing that the author introduces the passage with a phrase that suggests a formal summing-up, it seems right to quote it. In its class Mr. Walker's work is of real importance; and it may be hoped that out of its learned and thoughtful pages many readers for whom the older definitions have lost their significance will draw comfort and inspiration. (T. & T. Clark.)

Fiction.

The Patroness. By G. M. George.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THIS novel might have had for sub-title, "The Story of a Lie." Mr. George, with much real ingenuity, compels an uncommonly conscientious heroine to tell a lie:

Not a little place at Tooting,
But a country-house with shooting
And a ring-park, deer-park lie.

Her behaviour, however, subsequent to the act of lying, does not convince. It is difficult to believe that a girl would break off her engagement, even to a vicar, because she had been driven to confess to him an untruth which she had uttered to another person, and which did not in the least concern her lover. The circumstances were these. Margaret, through the sudden death of her father, became patron of a Welsh living. She knew her father's desires, but, from the highest motives, she ignored these desires, and offered the parish to a client of her own, telling Mr. Morris, whom her father had favoured, that she did not consider him a fit person to have the cure of souls. Afterwards she discovered that her father had written a letter offering the living to Mr. Morris, but had expired before posting it. Questioned by Morris as to the existence of such a document, she deliberately denied it. Here occurred the lie. It was a lie large, but entirely unimportant. No issue whatever depended upon it. The fact of its unimportance mars the book. It makes the book unimportant by making its theme trivial. To the world *The Patroness* will not be of the first interest. It is commonplace. It is not lifted out of the rut of daily existence as we all see it. Individuality is lacking. But the book has merit. Mr. George develops a theme with skill, and he possesses that mysterious quality usually described as a "gift for narrative." His pictures of the religious and social manners of a small town, though they may not be inspiring, are beyond doubt faithful and honestly realistic.

The book has another fault: it is too long. The author has yet to learn how to leave out. Here is an example of numerous unnecessary things left in:

In spite of the large congregation, there was a distinct want of heartiness in the service, and a comparatively small number joined in the responses. Evidently prayer was not considered an important part of worship, even praise was a mere accessory, to be joined in according to the humour or the musical powers of the worshipper. But no sooner had the preacher ascended the pulpit steps than every face looked animated, and when the short collect was finished the people seated themselves afresh as if the interest of the day were to begin; figuratively speaking, the curtain had been raised; they neither coughed nor spat, they were wrapt in eager attention.

In a quiet and impressive manner the preacher gave out the text: "And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him."

Already in the first lesson for the day he had read out the passage in his sonorous bass voice, so there was no need to spoil the effect by giving out chapter and verse. He simply repeated the tragic words with even greater emphasis, and, after a short pause, began:

"My brethren, this is an age of license, of revolt, of lawlessness; we see it on all sides. This spirit of rebellion, this chafing against authority, is poisoning our country's blood, is extending itself into every corner of the land, affecting every class, robbing of their sacredness the very names of father and of mother, destroying the happiness of the hearth, desecrating our sanctuaries, undermining the stability . . ."

The sermon continues for pages. This is the second instance which we have encountered during the last few days of a novelist giving a "full note" of a sermon. The practice is not one to be encouraged.

A Name to Conjure With. By John Strange Winter.
(F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

OUR acquaintance with the work of Mrs. Stannard is by no means complete, but we think we are correct in saying that *A Name to Conjure With* marks a departure in her productions. There is throughout the story plain evidence of an intention to be truthful and to abandon the prettiness of sentimentality. Further, the book is strongly imagined, and it is just this imaginative strength—rarest of all qualities in fiction and every other art—which, with its sincerity, atones in a large measure for the novel's numerous shortcomings. The writing is careless and vulgar, and the special pity of this is that Mrs. Stannard has a natural gift for good, unaffected, vigorous English. The theme is trite, and has been treated over and over again. The characters are literary people: our experience of "literary" novels almost moves us to lay down a rule that authors and journalists should never figure in fiction. Mrs. Stannard's heroine is a lady who, from writing tales for servants and shop-girls, springs suddenly into fame as the author of a really great novel. Mrs. Lessingham (the "name to conjure with") and her husband have hitherto been poor. Their income is now multiplied, but they spend proportionately, and Mr. Lessingham is an invalid, and so the famous lady-novelist must continue to work hard. One day she comes to a dead stop, takes a glass of Green Chartreuse, and proceeds forward with colours flying. That is the beginning of the Chartreuse habit. The rest of the book is the history of her declension to the condition of a secret drunkard, living two lives, presenting one face to her husband and the world, and another to herself in that study where rows of liqueur bottles lay in a locked cupboard.

Yes, it is very trite, this theme. And Mrs. Stannard is sometimes strangely wrong in her details of fact concerning the fiscal side of literature. We should like to know, for instance, how an author who is content to sell all serial rights of a four-thousand word story for thirty-five pounds could keep up a household with a wage-list alone of four hundred a year. Mrs. Lessingham would have got at least sixty or seventy pounds for a story. The specimens of reviews and the remarks as to the attitude of the best magazines are also, to be frank, absurd. Yet the sheer imagination which is brought to bear on the domestic, the artistic, and the spiritual existence of this hard-driven woman is such that minor faults, whether of taste or of accuracy, do not seriously count. The book is, when you have cut into the marrow of it, sound, strong, and convincing; it is convincing even in its "happy" conclusion.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY. BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

Five short stories by the author of *The Forest Lovers*. The titles: "Madonna of the Peach-Tree," "Ippolita in the Hills," "The Duchess of Nona," "Messer Cino and the Live Coal," and "The Judgment of Borso." All have appeared in periodicals. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

ON TRIAL. BY "ZACK."

The first long novel by the author of *Life is Life*, reprinted from *Blackwood*. A dramatic, tragic love story of Devonshire folk. Though this is longer than her previous tales, there is no falling off in "Zack's" tenseness. (Blackwood. 6s.)

GILLAN THE DREAMER. BY NEIL MUNRO.

This is the story which the author of *John Splendid* has been contributing to *Good Words* under the title "The Paymaster's Boy." "What boy's this?" said the General,

looking at Gilian with surmising eyes. "He puts me in mind of—of—of an old tale somewhere with a sunny day in it." A pretty story, of a poetical, sensitive visionary cast among old soldiers. (Isbister. 6s.)

EVEN IF. By J. MORGAN DE GROOT.

The sequel to the same author's story *A Lotus Flower*. At the end of that work, Hilda, driven from her husband Emile by his "cold intellectuality," and driven from her friend Gerard by his too passionate ardour, disappears to start life afresh. This book takes up the story at that point. Hilda is found in Stockholm in the first chapter. The same wistful, poetical feeling permeates the new book. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY. By A. E. W. MASON.

A new novel by the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. Mr. Mason's crowded narrative has good old-fashioned chapter headings. Chapter III., for instance, treats of a gentleman with an agreeable countenance, and of a woman's face in a mirror"; Chapter IX., "Shows the use which a blind man may make of a dark night"; Chapter XIX., "Tells of Charnock's wanderings in Morocco, and of a walnut-wood door." (Macmillan. 6s.)

A CORNER OF THE WEST. By E. H. FOWLER.

Miss Fowler is the sister of the author of *A Double Thread*, and this is her first full-grown novel, although she has written stories for children. It is a quiet, pretty, sympathetic tale of simple people, with incidental "Fowlerisms." Thus: "Once an acquaintance always an acquaintance, like clergymen and mortgages; but I thought that acquaintances sometimes grew into friends, just as thirty years ago I thought that ponies grew into horses." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A LOST LADY OF OLD YEARS. By JOHN BUCHAN.

Another "auld Highland story," by the author of *John Burnet of Burns*. Mr. Buchan, in a dedication strangely reminiscent of the dedication of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, describes his period as "the bleak side of the '45." Old friends figure in these pages—Lord Lovat and Murray of Broughton among them. The lost lady is Murray's wife. (Lane. 6s.)

A CORNER OF ASIA. By HUGH CLIFFORD.

A new volume in the Overseas Library. Mr. Clifford's sub-title describes the book as "Tales and Impressions of Men and Things in the Malay Peninsula," on which his books *In Court and Kampong* and *Studies in Brown Humanity* prove him an authority. "The Death March of Kulop Sâmbing," "The Vigil of Pa' Tûa, the Thief"—these are two of the stories. (Unwin. 2s.)

THE SHADOW OF THE BEAR. By HEADON HILL.

"A man riding a bicycle turned out of the comparative seclusion of Curzon-street and steered, in one unflinching curve, into the thick of the Piccadilly traffic. The action in itself betokened self-confidence and nerve, and the possession of those qualities was further suggested by the rider's clear grey eyes." That is the beginning, and the practised reader knows that the rider is to pass through perils unnumbered and come out "on top." It is so. The Bear is, of course, Russia. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

THE HEIRESS OF THE SEASON. By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY.

A passage from Sydney Smith serves as the novelist's motto: "I have got into all my London feelings, which come to me immediately I pass Hyde Park Corner. I am heartless, selfish, indolent, worldly and frivolous. Pardon the vices inevitable in the greatest of cities." The story is of London society to-day. On page 312, Jock and Maud forswear for ever horse-couping noblemen, touting honourables, looting dowagers, and all flashy acquaintances. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT. By MARY E. MANN.

"How does a man and his family live on eleven shillings a week?" was the question which the Rev. Eustace Patten and his wife Rica and certain other young people set out to answer practically by starting the Patten experiment. How they succeeded is explained in this pleasant comedy by the author of *The Cedar Star*. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE RED RAG OF RITUAL. By GEORGE CUSACK.

A story for the times. In the first chapter a street child and a ritualistic priest confer. "I should think God likes Catholics," she remarks, "'cos they give Him pretty things. I should." "Being a Catholic isn't all pretty things," he said; "there are hard things too." The child becomes the heroine of the book, and prevents the Rev. Francis Philmore from going over to Rome. To such as are interested in points of ceremony and creed it should be fascinating. (Warne. 6s.)

SELLCUTS' MANAGER. By MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

Sellcuts was a music-hall, and its manager was Mr. Paul Blake, gentleman and philanthropist. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, whose views on the proper control of music-halls are well known, has apparently written this story (just as Sir Walter Besant wrote *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*) to bring the model house of entertainment nearer. A vivacious, good-humoured, free-and-easy book. (Richards. 6s.)

NELL GWYN'S DIAMOND. By I. HOOPER.

A story of adventure and peril, by the author of *His Grace o' th' Gunne* and *The Minister's Conversion*. As to the present resting-place of Nell Gwyn's diamond opinions differ. Some say it is in the possession of the Jesuits; some that a shrine in Spain harbours it; a certain V.C. declares that it decorates an idol in the Punjab. In the present spirited volume it leads Mr. Aysgarth a very entertaining dance. (Black. 6s.)

THE GREATEST GIFT. By A. W. MARCHMONT.

The greatest gift is, of course, "a woman's heart; the heart of her I loved." A somewhat melodramatic story, with a pretty ending. The part of beneficent disentangler is played by the kindly editor of the Middlesham *Evening News*—a new position for the Fourth Estate. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

UNDER THE SJAMBOK. By G. H. RUSSELL.

This is timely, for it is a tale of adventure in the Transvaal. "'Yes, mister,' said Solomon [after Babijan had been shot], 'e was a good old feller in spite of his black skin, so we'll find a 'ole to put 'im in.' In less than ten minutes an ant-bear hole held all that remained of the once feared and mighty witch-doctor. A big stone was rolled across the mouth, and we then descended into the valley of the great Letaba river." (Murray. 6s.)

A CRIMSON CRIME. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

Mr. Fenn is always spirited, brisk, and sensational. All his qualities are again in full force here. After the second inquest Oliver's innocence is established, and the wedding lends joy to the last page. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

SHAMS. ANONYMOUS.

This work, which is dedicated "to those who might make society a better thing than it is," supplies a hectic picture of the sinfulness of certain artistic London sets. The central sinner is Lord Edensor. He talks like this: "Twenty—the age of hopes and dreams and possibilities. You can adore Beauty in a garret. Not all the silken tissues or gorgeous jewels of the East are worth her exquisite nudity. . . ." and so forth. A silly book. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE BROWN GIRLS. By R. NEISH.

Thirteen tales and sketches, light and flippant, by th author of *The Others*. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions 20s. including postage.

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

A Forgotten Notable Novel.

I do not now remember the date of the appearance of *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*. It was recommended to me as a clever book, and I found it a great deal more. So lasting was the impression it left upon me that I have constantly wondered ever since how it came to have no successor. True, *Poor Nellie* followed it, but at such an immense intellectual distance that I could with difficulty be induced to accept it as a work of the same author. The long silence of "A Plain Woman" leads me to conclude that she gave us all herself in the striking story of her misfortune and trivial life. Sainte-Beuve once said, inaccurately, that every woman has a novel in her. Neither the average woman nor the average man has any such thing. For the most part we are docile sheep, who neither perceive where we are going nor whither we have gone, nor what we have done, nor what we expect to do. The blows of fate fell us; but generally we are incapable of shaping our experiences in perspective. Unhappily the vast majority nowadays has betaken itself to fiction, and we are flooded with cheap and vulgar trash which means nothing, introduces us to no character worth knowing, does not help us to make new friends as the creative fiction of old did, adds no new personality to our museum, tells us no tale we are not ready to forget with the last page.

Jane Austen's women, George Meredith's women and many of his men, Thackeray's men and some of his women, Dickens's men, Scott's men and women, Turgenev's and Balzac's men and women—all these are persons we know, remember, and gladly welcome at any time. Of whose creations among the modern novelists, clever and successful as they may be, can one say so much? Stevenson's style is ever a delight, the man himself most charming; but what character of serious and lasting value has he given us? He has given us himself athwart his work, and it is much; but he has not added a solid man or woman, unless we except Allan Breck, to our gallery of portraits in fiction.

Now the claim I lay for *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* is precisely the merit of being written upon the plan which every reading of new fiction proves to me is the best. I cannot predict what the future novelist may hold in store for the surprise and delight of the readers who will succeed us; but this I do know about the present—the popular novelists of the day never introduce us to a single character whom we succeed in knowing and understanding, we succeed in detesting or loving, like personal acquaintances. The present-day popular novelists' sole preoccupation is to write clever things about their characters, and as a rule they mistake flippancy, vulgarity, and obscurity for cleverness. Instead of making us see how the men and women they write about saw, their concern is to show us how they see such men and women. The result is that we lay down these cheap, unworked, and alarmingly popular new novels with a feeling of depression and time lost, having learnt nothing,

having met nobody worth meeting or capable of being remembered, not even having enjoyed a temporary distraction. The distinctive notes of the fiction of the hour are: vulgarity, an absence of literary flavour, and a cheap abuse of smart and trivial dialogue.

Hence the singular individuality of such a book as *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*. Here is a book written by a lady in the dear old-fashioned sense of the word—a woman who looks at life with the eyes of a retiring, well-bred woman. She brings to this inappreciable quality—that quality which claims sisterhood with the refined and gentle outlook of Jane Austen—a keen sense of humour, a caustic wit, the rare capacity of finding material for observation, and a marvellous art of living in the dulllest and most hopeless surroundings. I do not hesitate to call *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* a great book, a book worthy of a modest place on the shelf of our classical novelists. For these reasons: it is admirably well written, as they used to write in the days when English literature was framed and fashioned; quiet, dignified, not too perfumed or dazzling, without a taint of epigram: it is not clever writing, it is genuine. How diminishing are those delightful qualities in our literature—genuineness and spontaneity! Unfortunately the author is not an artist, and she lacks charm. Hence her book is far too long, and is crowded with details by no means essential. Much of the conversation—a faithful reproduction of the deadly dull conversation of the dull life she so admirably portrays—might with advantage have been cut down.

There is none of the eloquence, none of the brilliance, the intensity of Charlotte Brontë, none of the delicate wit and enchanting suggestive raillery and humour of Jane Austen, none of the large philosophy and wide observation of George Eliot; and yet something of these three great women writers enters into a more ponderous whole, which contains so much less genius than any of the three.

But the fact remains that when you have closed the book you have made several unforgettable acquaintances, mostly, I must admit, of a detestable kind. That the writer takes first rank—in the background, if you will, but still in the first rank—is proven by the fact that we learn to loathe the characters she offers for our loathing, and to ridicule, as we ridicule living persons, those she intends us to ridicule. Where will you find a more hateful snob than Rigardy-Wrenstone? She pursues him remorselessly, and draws him as only a British author can draw that exclusively British genus—the snob. The portrait is a triumph of untutored art. And what pungent wit and humour go to the building up of the figure! No ill-temper, no exasperation, but perfect breeding and a delicious sense of the ridiculous! As portraits, Aunt Jane and the admirable Catherine are quite as good in their way—Aunt Jane, in particular, is a masterly delineation of feminine imbecility and righteousness. We are hardly touched by the tragedy of the poor woman's last years because we are so intensely conscious of her exasperating individuality. She is so real to us that we cannot help a muttered "serves her right" when Nemesis overtakes her and she is punished for her disagreeable righteousness. Such preaching, Bible-quoting unamiability as that of Aunt Jane deserves almost any fate, though one would rather that destiny did not wait until a woman grows old and feeble to punish her. And how restrained the portrait of the admirable Catherine—intriguer, blood-sucker, hypocrite, pseudo-philanthropist, a creature of ferocious, grasping greed! Truly a monument of unlovely British vices, committing crime to Bible quotations in the name of the Lord. As an exposure of the futility of the dull domestic martyrdom of women, of the petty absorption of their minds and souls in a worthless round of duties, of their arid hourly sacrifices, I know nothing more striking.

HANNAH LYNCH.

Two Plays.

"The Devil's Disciple."

It is characteristic of the London stage that Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "The Devil's Disciple," after having long since proved its quality by a success in America, should be introduced to London at—Kennington. None the less credit, however, to Mr. Murray Carson for producing it. It is a brilliantly bad play. We have sometimes thought that Mr. Shaw writes indefensible plays for the mere fighter's pleasure of defending them; and no doubt when the time comes he will defend this one as he has defended others.

The action of "The Devil's Disciple" passes in New Hampshire during the American War of Independence, 1777. The first act is in the house of the late Timothy Dudgeon. There are present the relict; her elder son, Richard, a bad man (the Devil's disciple); her younger son, a fool; Essie, a bastard of the dead man's brother; Anthony Anderson (the minister) and his wife, Judith; the lawyer, and various relatives. The will is read, and, to the general surprise and disgust, Richard the wicked is named heir. That is all; but the act is masterly from end to end. The right atmosphere is got with firm, simple precision, and every character is admirably sketched. The reading of the will *in extenso* is contrived with a resourcefulness and a natural aptitude for stagecraft unworthy neither of Ibsen nor of Dumas *père*. It is a wonderful will; and one is conscious of a desire to have known the testator, who must have been very like his son Richard—a kind heart, a bitter tongue, and the sworn foe of sentimentality and religiosity—a projection, in fact, of "G. B. S."

It is in the second act that Mr. Shaw's waywardness begins. One gradually discovers then that the first act has no bearing on the action whatever, except to introduce the three leading characters—Richard, and the parson and his wife. All this business of the will, these humours of conventional mourning, this elaborate picture of the Dudgeon family, have nothing to do with the play itself. The play starts again. We are at the parson's. British soldiers are about. They find Richard alone with Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anderson having been called to a pastoral visit, and taking Richard to be the parson they arrest him. Now, arrest is a mere preliminary to death. Richard accepts the situation. Mrs. Anderson accepts it, though she has professed to loathe the man. And when the parson returns he also seemingly accepts it, and departs hurriedly, none knows whither. It will be observed that the plot is trite.

Act III. is in three scenes. In the first, Mrs. Anderson, who believes her husband to be a coward, confesses that Richard's heroism has aroused her love, and Richard astutely repulses her. In the second, Richard is tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. In the third, Richard is within a hundred seconds of being hung when the parson arrives at the head of militia powerful enough to treat with the English, and Richard is set free. This third act is an amazing mixture. The scene between Richard and Mrs. Anderson contains, among other good things, a fine exposition of Richard's motives in allowing himself to die for the minister; but Mrs. Anderson's sudden love for him, so freely expressed, is quite unconvincing. The court-martial is one of the best scenes in the play. The officers, especially General Burgoyne, with his "Let me persuade you to be hanged," are superb. Nevertheless, the court-martial is inexcusable. For it is farce, brilliant farce which continually boils over with marvellous wit and humour, but still farce, and utterly out of harmony with the rest of the play—cast in a different mould, composed in a different key. The scene of execution is feeble. It should have been thrilling, but Mr. Shaw was too much occupied with being funny to attend to the dramatic opportunities of the situation. The con-

clusion is just like comic opera, and one feels the need of Offenbach's strains as the curtain falls.

To sum up, the first act is comedy of the highest order, but it might have been omitted. The second scene of the third act is farce of the highest order, but it should be rewritten as comedy. The rest of the play is by turns weak, sublime, infantile, clever, and incomprehensible. Motives are not clearly exposed, and characters are not consistent. The parson, for example, is quite a model and unexceptionable parson in the first act, but in the second he is for ever talking like "G. B. S." "The Devil's Disciple" is the least satisfactory play of Mr. Shaw's which we have read or seen, except "Widowers' Houses." It is inferior to "Arms and the Man" and to everything in *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*. But it is not a piece to be ignored. It comprises Mr. Shaw's worst, and his best also. To see the first act and come away is to come away with the impression that Mr. Shaw is the dramatist of the future. To stay is to feel that he may never be anything else.

"The Moonlight Blossom."

If for nothing else, Mr. C. B. Fernald's "The Moonlight Blossom," produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, deserves notice because it breaks the terrible circle of insularity in which nearly all our plays are enclosed. It gives a new atmosphere, awakens a dormant set of sensibilities—like Maeterlinck; and therefore we must be grateful, not only to Mr. Fernald, but to those who have the courage to perform his piece before an audience necessarily uncomprehending and apathetic. The production of it is an effort in the cause of dramatic art, not an appeal to the box-office. But it is by no means a good play. It is not even as good a play as we had the right to expect from Mr. Fernald. Mr. Fernald wrote "The Cat and the Cherub," a melodrama clumsy, crude, amateurish, but interesting and remarkable. "The Cat and the Cherub" was in the best sense dramatic, and it evoked that unmistakable *frisson* in the theatre which only a genuine dramatist is capable of evoking. But though it was dramatic, it was nothing else. Now, "The Moonlight Blossom" has several virtues, but it is not dramatic. Given the theme, it is neatly enough constructed. The dialogue is admirable in its appropriateness, simplicity, and real literary beauty; and there is quaint wit in it. Bummawashi, the boastful drunkard, says: "I am powdered with the dust of maidens' wings. For me women have forsaken their young." But when we have praised the dialogue, and appreciated the charm of the decorations and costumes (due to Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.), we have finished with esteem. The basis of the plot is feebly melodramatic—not at all, to our thinking, distinctively Japanese, but something "Adelphic" expressed in terms of Japanese law and custom. Nor has Mr. Fernald apparently made any sustained attempt to portray the Japanese spirit. No one who has spent even a single intimate evening with some of the numerous Japanese who come to London to learn English applied art and English shipbuilding could be for a moment under the illusion that Mr. Fernald had given us Japan. "The Moonlight Blossom," spiritually, is no more Japanese than the Japanese umbrellas in Regent-street. It is something between East and West—as though England and Japan had met on arid Perim and manufactured a concoction utterly foreign to both. Possibly this fact, possibly the fact that the theme is essentially weak and artificial, accounts for the dullness which pervades much of the play. There you have it: despite its literary charm and the freshness of certain aspects of it, "The Moonlight Blossom" is apt to be tedious. All that intelligent acting could do was done.

E. A. B.

Things Seen.

Parker's Immortality.

THE cottage garden was an orchard in miniature, and the size and bloom of the fruit proclaimed the excellence of the stock and the care with which the trees had been tended.

"Your fruit looks very well," I remarked to the old woman.

"Yes, they're good trees," she answered, speaking eagerly, as gossips will with a stranger to whom all their thoughts are new. "My husband taught me fruit farming. He's been dead eleven years. I shall be seventy-nine next March, and I was married fifty years ago. No, I've never lived anywhere else. We came straight here on the day I was married, and my husband planted all these trees the same year. My husband was head gardener to old Mr. Chesham, the father of the young gentleman who's lodging in the next cottage, so he knew all about fruit farming. Sometimes I think I ought to have travelled more. I've never been further than Hastings. Oh, yes, I manage all right. I sell the fruit. It's good selling fruit. There are some ladies in Hastings give me nine shillings a bushel for those Blenheim Oranges. And then I bake bread for the hoppers. My husband's mother taught me to bake. He persuaded her to stay a week here and teach me. My husband was a great one for learning and teaching. Then there's Mr. Chesham—that's a help to me. He always comes here during the hopping season. He's a literary gentleman. He often talks of my husband. He says the best part of his writing is the bits about the country, and he often says to me: 'Mrs. Parker, that's due to your husband. He made me love the country, and taught me all I know about it.' We have long talks in the evening, sometimes. Mr. Chesham doesn't need to make any money. When I ask him why he sits writing and writing all day, he says because he wants to be remembered after he is dead. It may be all very well for writing folk to want to do good to people after they are dead, but it's quite enough for me to get through the day without thinking what's going to happen to other people after I'm dead and buried. I put my shoulder out last winter—fell down them steps—and that makes me a bit slow. I've got as much as I can do without thinking of who comes after me. Did you see the text hanging on the wall of Mr. Chesham's room. My neice painted it for him. I wanted her to choose something from the Bible, but Mr. Chesham chose that about leaving a memory behind him. Oh, yes! I get along all right. The hoppers pay a good price for my bread, and the fruit sells well; and there's Mr. Chesham! My shoulder troubles me now and then, but I've got along without help from anybody since my husband died."

Yet, I think, Parker did not wholly die eleven years ago. As I went my way I found myself wondering if, somewhere in the shades, he has yet met that poet who lived eighteen hundred years ago, the poet who wrote

Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei
Vitat Libitinam.

Memoirs of the Moment.

SCOTLAND, more than ever this season, has been the most highly favoured of nations by visitors. The Queen and her Court are there, and the Prince of Wales, two of his daughters, and his son-in-law are there. The Duke and Duchess of York and their children are there. So are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, the

Princess Henry of Battenberg and hers. The Duke of Cambridge has been there. Mr. Balfour is, as usual, there. Finally, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Selborne, addressing Scottish audiences for the Government, are to have set-offs in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith addressing Scottish audiences on behalf of the Opposition.

THE Dysart Trust, which was set up for twenty-one years from the death of the present Earl's grandfather, came to an end last Saturday, on which day he obtained for the first time full control over his Ham and other estates. Lord Dysart's father, who led a merry life as Lord Huntingtower, did not live to inherit the earldom. In spite of the numerous escapades in which, from time to time, he figured publicly, he was a man of many excellences of heart. Of his generosity, of a sort, there was no doubt; and it has needed the careful management of twenty-one years to pull the property round to anything like its old prosperity. Lord Dysart is the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Rutland—a distinction he owed certainly not to the size of his property in that minute county, but to the favour of Mr. Gladstone, who had had the pleasure of hailing in the young man a convert from Unionism to Home Rule.

A NICE question in ethics is again raised by the arrest this week of two sailors charged with having committed cannibalism on a raft, after the wreck of their vessel. To take life is not always to commit murder, or the soldier and the hangman were an extinct species. The community has the power of life and death. And what, then, is a community? The definition of it is a matter of some verbal difficulty if it is so worded as to exclude a company of shipwrecked mariners on the high seas. They are isolated from the rest of their kind by barriers more decisive than those that divide most of the countries of Europe from each other. They are their own senate and their own law-makers. If five men must all die unless one dies to give them sustenance; and if all agree and draw lots, and the man who draws doom is immolated, how are the survivors to be regarded by theologians or by lawgivers? Doctors of divinity differ; and the law temporises. Guilty of murder, a jury, not many years ago, found two such hapless culprits, at the direction of Lord Coleridge, who, nevertheless, instantly liberated them.

MR. LOUIS GARVIN has been saying his good-byes this week to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, prior to his removal to London, where he takes up his appointment on the *Daily Telegraph* on November 1. "A journalist is a kind of bat who flits by night, and who loses, as the years go by, the friends of the day." So Mr. Garvin, at a farewell dinner in the North the other evening, declared, adding his surprise to find, when the parting-time came, that he had forfeited so few and kept so many. Refusing to accept the praises proper enough to the occasion, Mr. Garvin remarked it was sometimes said that this or that article was from the pen of this or that person, whereas "a paper—a real paper—is the product, not of an individual, but of a corporation." The members of such a staff, said Mr. Garvin, are "flesh of each other's flesh, and blood of each other's blood." In short, a great paper imposes its own traditions on receptive minds. Lord Brougham, when he wrote a whole number of the *Edinburgh Review*, did not produce a more homogeneous periodical than the *Saturday Review* of the sixties, done by a score of different hands, and under an editor who himself did not write a syllable.

Correspondence.

Misconceptions.

SIR,—Will you allow me space to endorse every word of the masterly article by "Z" on "The Ineligible Elegy"? Literature has always seemed to me an influence that should be vital in any real education. But, in spite of floods of talk on various "systems" and "schemes," the ordinary school routine remains singularly lacking in either applied psychology, applied sympathy, or applied common sense. While this is so, literature, which dies with drudgery, must suffer many deaths. Often the actual teachers are not to blame, but examiners, head masters, and other "people of importance" are still at their old work of inhibiting natural growth.

Surely it is enough only to mention the "Elegy" to see how apart from all that is boyish the poem is. The very word "elegy" marks it as such. What has a schoolboy to do with elegies? But I have never found that that argument produces any impression.

The truth is, sir, that, besides psychology, the school-master often lacks literary appreciation. What is artificial, what goes by rule, appeals to those to whom rules are as the breath of their nostrils. What is free and nonconforming they instinctively feel to be dangerous to scholastic rectitude.

Now, observe, the boy is at the other pole. He hates rules, he loves what is unrestrained. Hence an eternal antagonism, except in those rare cases where teachers never lose their love of freedom.

But there is a third force acting against school literature—prudery. We must have a young person literature. The great taboo lies on the reading of "Hamlet," of *Adam Bede*, of *David Copperfield*, and I have been criticised for giving, as an upper school prize, *The Heart of Midlothian*. For myself, I think that all this fear for the young person has the reverse of the intended effect. That opens up a wide question. I do not believe in the cleanliness of concealment, and I have never found it practically necessary; but, at any rate, the idea of a young person literature is one barrier to any literature at all.

Still, when all is said, there remains much unexplained perversity in the scholastic selection. Why, for instance, choose "Richard II.," one of the plays least interesting to boys? Why harp on "The Deserted Village," which is as far from personal appeal as is the "Elegy"? Why drill pupil teachers in Cowper and in the prosiest pieces of his work that can be found? I confess I cannot answer these questions. The answers remain among the secrets of the scholastic mind.

What is to be proposed? It seems so obvious, one would have thought, that what is wanted is poetry of action, adventure, life. Only with older boys should occasional (and short) reflective pieces be introduced. These should be varied, for one boy takes to one thing, another to another. I have known boys of fifteen really genuinely enthusiastic over Ben Jonson's "Hymn to Diana," but it has the redeeming qualities of shortness and melody.

All that we need is a little sympathetic psychology, a little common sense, a little literary taste, and the freedom to apply these endowments. Literature and life will then have some organic relationship in the process of growth.—I am, &c.,

September 25, 1899.

MAGISTER.

SIR,—Perhaps these two instances of childish misconception of words may amuse your readers. They are both from well-known hymns:

- (1) Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bear?

This puzzled me for years. I could never understand why a mother should be particularly tender towards a bear, even if it was a young one and a "she" one.

(2) When the soft dews of kindly sleep.

It seems only the other day that I discovered that "kindly" was not the name of a place where "soft Jews" went to sleep.—I am, &c.,

September 25, 1899.

ERNLEY WALBROND.

SIR,—I have heard the following story told apropos of the difficulty to the youthful mind of comprehending Gray's "Elegy." A master who was superintending a boys' reading-class which was working through the poem asked one of his pupils what was the meaning of the line: "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." The question was evidently a poser, and it was some time before the answer came: "Four rude old men sleeping in church"!

A little girl with whom I am acquainted recently asked her mother what a "consecrated cross-eye bear" was; the explanation of her query being that she had been learning (orally) a hymn commencing: "A consecrated cross I bear."—I am, &c.,

WARD MUIR.

Liverpool: September 24, 1899.

Benjamin Jowett and Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—Mr. McBain is doing good service in calling the attention of your readers to the unjustifiable statements of the opponents of Herbert Spencer. With regard to the definition of "ancestor-worship" in Chambers's New Dictionary, about which a letter appeared a few weeks ago, it is to be hoped that in the next edition the word "erroneously" will be expunged. To say that "ancestor-worship is supposed by Mr. Spencer to be the foundation of all religion" may be fairly correct: it is for readers of Spencer to judge by the evidence he brings forward whether this is rightly or "erroneously" supposed; and in any case it is not the province of the lexicographer to introduce his private opinions in a definition of this sort.

Mr. McBain's letter in your issue of September 16 opens up wider ground. Dr. Jowett's allusions to Herbert Spencer indicate what the latter himself would probably call a strong classical bias, and they bring up once more the general question of classical *versus* scientific education. This question has been thoroughly discussed by Mr. Spencer in his work on Education, and it is not necessary to recapitulate the arguments used by him in support of his view that education should be mainly scientific.

It is not to be wondered at that Jowett should look with something like scorn upon Spencer, champion, as he is, of such an opposite system of education and an opposite school of thought to that which Jowett represented. The strong language of Jowett's allusions to this "fellow," fit only to be classed among "repulsive people," shows clearly how an almost exclusively classical education warps the mind. In Jowett's case, the theological bias was also greatly in evidence, and the reverence for authority and tradition cultivated by classical and theological studies combined is sufficient to account for his narrow-mindedness, which resulted in his hurling opprobrious epithets at the heads of those who differed from him. Spencer's own conduct stands out in great contrast. A man who has taken a most prominent part in many controversies, it will be said of him that he was always patient under contumely, and never returned in kind the contemptuous and contemptible language applied to him by many of his opponents.—I am, &c.,

W. P. H.

Norwich: September 25, 1899.

"And Which."

SIR,—In a letter headed "And Which," in your last issue, the writer suggests that the word "and" is not superfluous in such sentences as that instanced by you in the ACADEMY of June 24,* and he gives quotations as showing good authority for its use.

But, surely, the sentences he quotes are not similar in form to those in question?

In Mr. Irving's quotations "and" is used to connect qualifications, the first or the first group expressed by adjectives, the last by a fuller form, to give impressiveness and cadence.—I am, &c., F. A. ALLEN.

September 25, 1899.

SIR,—This "and which" question comes up annually with unfailing regularity, and no one—not even Mr. Andrew Lang, though he has toyed with it—seems able to settle it. May I try to do so? Thus:

Many relative sentences (but, of course, not all) are of an adjectival nature. Regarded as units, these sentences are adjectives in their principal sentences.

If a substantive is qualified by several adjectives immediately following one another, it is proper to put "and" before the last adjective.

Therefore, if a relative sentence is adjectival, and is the last of a series of two or more adjectives or adjectival clauses, it is proper to put "and" before its "which."

Note that, if I am right, your own rule, that "and" is only permissible when the relative is a reiterated one, is not quite broad enough. It would be just as correct to write, with Sir Thomas North,

An army invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand,

as to write

An army *which was* invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand.

In my opinion, every one of the samples of "and which" given by Mr. C. J. Irving is perfectly justifiable. The sentence from Her Majesty's letter, however—"We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others"—is incorrect. No adjective immediately precedes the "and which." Moreover, the relative sentence is not adjectival at all. It comprises a separate statement as to the future, and would have been better cast in the form of a separate principal sentence—"And I am afraid it will be followed by others."

Let me add that an "and" before a reiterated "which" is correct in any case, whether the relative sentence is adjectival or not. Thus: "A ministerial crisis which I attribute to hidden causes and which I am afraid will be followed by others."—I am, &c., E. A. B.

September 25, 1899.

SIR,—The use of *et qui* without a preceding *qui* is not only legitimate in French, but it is absolutely necessary in the example cited by your correspondent. In

"C'est une histoire—pleine de fracas et de furie *et qui* signifie rien"

the use of the conjunction is evidently necessary to distinguish the antecedent of *qui*, which is clearly *histoire* and not *furie*.

It is useful to compare a parallel construction:

"Une grâce un peu maniérée et serpentine *mais qui* séduisart."—*Bourget*.

E. R. J. GLANVILLE.

Nottingham: Sept. 26, 1899.

* "We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others."

Our Prize Competitions.

Result of No. 1—New Series.

LAST week, the time being ripe, we asked for poems of not more than twenty-four lines anticipating the joys of winter. The Rev. T. Constable, Hurstwood, Buxted, has, we think, the best claim to the prize for the following spirited lines (in spite of a Shakespearian "howler" in the third stanza):

OLD OCTOBER.

Hail, old October, bright and chill,
First freedman from the summer sun!
Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill!
Thank heaven, at last the summer's done!

Come, friend, my fire is burning bright,
A fire's no longer out of place,
How clear it glows! (there's frost to-night,
It looks white winter in the face.

You've been to see "King John." You've seen
A noble play: I'm glad you went;
But what on earth does Shakespeare mean
By "winter of our discontent"?

Be mine the Tree that feeds the fire!
Be mine the sun knows when to set!
Be mine the months when friends desire
To turn in here from cold and wet!

The sentry sun, that glared so long
O'erhead, deserts his summer post;
Ay, you may brew it hot and strong:
"The joys of winter"—come, a toast!

Shine on the kangaroo, thou sun!
Make far New Zealand faint with fear!
Don't hurry back to spoil our fun.
Thank goodness, old October's here!

We quote also three others:

WINTER.

Some folks may sigh for summer days,
To laze and dream among the flowers;
Give me old winter's breezy ways,
The north wind's sparkling, frosty hours.

To feel the warm, enkindled blood
Run circling to my glad heart's core,
To say with Schiller "Oh, 'tis good
To be alive!" and wish no more.

To glide along the crispy ice
With newly sharpened, well-cut skates;
Each day to find a new device
For three and dainty figure eights.

And thro' the woody copse to wend
Our way, hand joined in hand some night
When winter stars to Love's eyes lend
A newer note, a gladder light.

Within the fireside's ingle nook,
So still and quiet as a mouse,
She knitting, I with pipe and book—
My favourite, *Angel in the House*.

Warmed by the yule-log's cheerful light,
Her words of love will seem more tender,
What memories we'll weave at night!—
Four feet upon a brass-bound fender.

[B. B., Birmingham.]

THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

(With Apologies to Macaulay.)

Blow, blow, O winds of Autumn; beat, beat, O stormy rain.
Let loose the floods, strip bare the woods—King Winter comes again.
Too long we've lain in idleness in Summer's flowery nest,
But from the north he steppeth forth, shall put our powers to test.

The stars have felt his frosty breath; the woods have owned his sway;

They cast aside their summer pride in glorious disarray.
Through leafless aisle and ruined choir his challenging trumpets ring:

"Ho! far and near the lists are clear: who meets the Northern King?"

O Northern King, our walls are stout; we make the threshold fast,
We neither fear thy glittering spear nor wild and stormy blast.
The winds that prowl and prowl around if they may entrance win—
Ho! let them prowl, or let them howl, our hearts beat high within.

The white enchantment of the snow may hold the world in thrall
Without ; within, fantastic flames go flickering up the wall.
The magic of romance is ours ; we are stirred to the old unrest,
And again afire with a strange desire, we follow the wondrous
quest.

So all night long we hold the fort, but lo ! at break of day
At the castle gates the champion waits, and we may not say him
nay.

His seal is set on every pane, a challenge fair and free :
"Up, up ! arise, and in valiant wise, come buffet a fall with me !"

We come, we come, O Northern King ! Loud, loud thy bugles
blow—

The wide and glittering heavens above, the wind-swept earth below.
The joy of battle fills our hearts, and we meet thee face to face
In the wild delight of a stormy fight and the clash of a steeled
embrace.
[E. G. H., London.]

Poems received also from :—E. W., London ; E. H., Stroud ;
C. S. M., Tayport ; F. B. D., Torquay ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ;
N. A., Beckenham ; H. G. H., Aldeburgh ; C. F. S., Manchester ;
J. D. A., Ealing ; M. I., Cheltenham ; J. C. J., Chester ; N. P. B.,
Upper Tooting ; F. G. B., West Hartlepool ; G. S. A., Ilford ;
J. F. H., London (too long for competition) ; and C. C., Newcastle
(too late).

Prize Competition No. 2.

We offer this week a prize of a guinea for the best English
quotation suitable to stand as a motto on the title-page of a history
of the Dreyfus case.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43
Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post
of Tuesday, October 3. Each answer must be accompanied by
the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 344 or it can-
not enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one
attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate
coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to
impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much
facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is
also important that names and addresses should always be given :
we cannot consider anonymous answers.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, September 28.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Farrar (F. W.), Texts Explained.....	(Longmans)	6/0
Gowen (H. H.), Church Work in British Columbia.....	(Longmans)	5/0
Calow (Rev. C.), Origin and Development of the Creeds.....	(Elliot Stock)	
Early Christianity Outside the Roman Empire. Two Lectures by F. Crawford Burkitt.....	(Cambridge: University Press)	
Staley (Rev. V.), The Ceremonial of the English Church.....	(Mowbray)	
Matheson (Rev. George), Studies of the Portrait of Christ.....	(Hodder & Co.)	6/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Brain (Belle M.), The Transformation of Hawaii.....	(Oliphant & Co.)	3/6
Meakin (Budetti), The Moorish Empire.....	(Swan Sonnenschein)	18/0
Douglas (Sir George), James Hogg.....	(Oliphant & Co.)	1/6
Parker (Joseph), A Preacher's Life.....	(Hodder & Co.)	6/0

POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

Leighton (F. F.), Life and Books.....	(T. Fisher Unwin)	6/0
Heijermans, jun. (H.), The Ghetto. Adapted by C. B. Fernald. (Heinemann)		1/8
Pattinson (J. S.), Far-Ben, or Poems in Many Moods. (Swan Sonnenschein)		4/6

EDUCATIONAL.

French and Osborn. Elementary Algebra.....	(Churchill)	4/6
De Vogüé. Cours Russes.....	(Macmillan)	2/8
Stephen (Katherine), French History for Schools.....	(Macmillan)	3/6
Fotheringham (James), Wordsworth's Prelude.....	(Marshall)	1/0
Rouse (W. H. D.), Greek Iambic Verse.....	(Cambridge: University Press)	6/0
Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. Edited by H. Rackham. (Cambridge: University Press)		2/6
Ferrier (Annie G.), The Children's Guide to the French Language. (Blackwood)		1/6
Mercier (A.), Handbook of French Composition.....	(Blackwood)	1/6
Paradise Lost. Edited by T. Page.....	(Moffat & Co.)	2/0
Stories from the Northern Sagas. Edited by A. F. Major and E. E. Speight.....	(Marshall)	

SCIENCE.

Petty (Sir William), Economic Writings. Edited by C. H. Hull. (Cambridge: University Press)		
The International Geography. By Seventy Authors. Edited by H. R. Mill. (Newnes)		15/0
Moffat's Science Reader III.....	(Moffat & Co.)	1/0

ART.

Nicholson (W.), Twelve Portraits.....	(Heinemann)	21/0
Baldry (A. L.), Sir John Millais.....	(Bell)	7/6
Stevenson (R. A. M.), Velasquez.....	(Bell)	5/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smart (William), The Distribution of Income.....	(Macmillan)	5/0
Bund (W. A.), The Story of Ice.....	(Newnes)	1/0
Purgatory: a translation from Dante by A. C. Auchmuty (Williams & Norgate)		5/0
De Brath & Bently. Over-Pressure.....	(Philip & Son)	3/6
The Process Year Book. Edited by W. Gamble.....	(Penrose & Co.)	
Chums. Annual Volume.....	(Cassell)	8/0
Young England. Annual Volume.....	(Sunday School Union)	5/0
Child's Own Magazine. Annual Volume.....	(Sunday School Union)	1/0
Life's Possibilities. Edited by E. A. D.....	(Mowbray & Co.)	
Henty (G. A.), Yule-Tide Yarns.....	(Longmans)	6/0
Meade (I. T.), Light o' the Morning.....	(Chambers)	5/0
Cule (W. E.), Mabel's Prince Wonderful.....	(Chambers)	2/6
Haverfield (E. L.), Nancy's Fancies.....	(Chambers)	2/6
Stuart (Hamish), Lochs and Loch Fishing.....	(Chapman & Hall)	10/8

NEW EDITIONS.

Otway (T.), Venice Preserved.....	(Dent)	
Cicero. De Officiis. Translated by G. B. Gardner.....	(Methuen)	2/6
Ochino (Bernardino), The Tragedy. Edited by C. E. Plumtre (Grant Richards)		6/0
Livingstone (David), Missionary Travels and Researches.....	(Murray)	6/0

** New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of
the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the
bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be
addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN."

ON OCTOBER 4. LARGE CROWN 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MORE POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN.

By Mrs. C. W. EARLE,

Author of "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden."

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRIDE OF LIFE."

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE HEIRESS OF THE SEASON.

By Sir WM. MAGNAY, Bart.,

Author of "The Fall of a Star," "The Pride of Life," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

THE BOOKMAN

For OCTOBER,

Ready next week, Price Sixpence, begins a new volume, and is a number of
altogether exceptional interest and importance. It contains New Poems by

A. C. SWINBURNE

AND

THEODORE WATTS DUNTON,

A

SEPARATE PLATE PORTRAIT, Reproduced in Half-tone Photogravure, of

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, O.B.

(From a photograph specially taken for the Bookman),

AND

ALL THE USUAL FEATURES, INCLUDING ARTICLES ON

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT,"

SOME AUTUMN BOOK-COVERS,

THE NEW LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE,

AND

REVIEWS OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS OF THE MONTH BY

M. H. Spielmann, Dr. Hay Fleming,

Dr. William Wallace, Prof. Macalister, T. Kirkup,
and Joseph Jacobs.

The number is illustrated by over 30 new portraits of well-known and
popular Authors.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.,
And all Booksellers and Newsagents.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

READY SHORTLY.

THE HOLY GOSPELS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE OLD MASTERS OF THE XIVth, XVth, AND XVIth CENTURIES.

More than three hundred works, dealing exclusively with the events of our Lord's life, have been chosen from among the greatest examples of the Italian German, Flemish, and French Schools for the subject of these illustrations. These Pictures, distributed as they are amongst the Churches and Galleries of the civilised world, are here for the first time collected together and presented in proximity to the Sacred Narrative which they were intended to illustrate. Notes dealing with the Pictures from the artistic standpoint are contributed by M. EUGENE MUNTZ, Member of the French Institute. The publication includes also a Chronological and Biographical Table of the Painters whose works are reproduced and a Classified List of the Engravings. The Work contains 384 pages and over 350 illustrations, 48 of these being separate Plates printed in two tints. Half-bound, paste-grain roan, 47s. 6d.; whole-bound, paste-grain roan, 53s.

PARISH PRIESTS and their PEOPLE in the

MIDDLE AGES in ENGLAND. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. With numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

"The book before us is a perfect mine of curious and interesting information, and the materials are arranged with great skill and judgment. The result is a graphic picture of the ordinary religious life of mediæval England such as, for fulness and general accuracy, is to be found nowhere else."—*Guardian*, March 8th, 1899.

"Exactly the sort of book with which every parsonage and every parish library in England ought to be furnished."—*Church Times*, July 14th, 1899.

PAPERS and ESSAYS. By the late Rev. George

WILLIAM GENT, M.A. Edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY BURN, B.D. With a Memoir by the Right Rev. E. S. TALBOT, D.D., Bishop of Rochester. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

EARLY CHURCH CLASSICS.—BISHOP SARA-

PION'S PRAYER-BOOK. An Egyptian Pontifical, about A.D. 350. Translated from the Edition of Dr. G. WOBBERMIN, With Introduction and Notes. By JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

EARLY CHURCH CLASSICS.—THE EPISTLE of

ST. CLEMENT. By the Rev. JOHN A. F. GREGG. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

THE PRAYER-BOOK PSALTER for CHURCH

and SCHOOL. With Renderings of Difficult Passages from the Revised Version, and Short Explanations. By the Rev. ARTHUR CARR, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

A FIRST BOOK on the BIBLE. By the late

Rev. Canon GARNIER. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 2s.

THE FATHERS for ENGLISH READERS.—

CLEMENT of ALEXANDRIA. By the Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 3s.

* Sixteen others have already appeared in this Series.

THE PRIVATE DEVOTIONS of LANCELOT

ANDREWES, Bishop of Winchester. Newly Done into English from the Recently Discovered Autograph given by Andrewes to Laud. By the Rev. Canon P. G. MEDD, M.A. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 4s.

MEDIÆVAL CHURCH HISTORY, A SKETCH of.

By the Ven. S. CHEETHAM, D.D., Archdeacon of Rochester. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

CONFIRMATION and COMMUNION; or, the

Royal Priesthood and its Offerings. Being Instructions given before and after Confirmation. By G. H. WHITAKER, M.A. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s.

HISTORIC CANTERBURY. By the Rev. T.

NORMAN ROWSELL. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 6d.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS to CHRISTIANITY. By

the Right Rev. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D. Small post 8vo, limp cloth, 6d.

"THE CORRUPTION which is in the WORLD

through LUST." A Sermon Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, February 26th, 1899, by the Right Rev. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, D.D. Small post 8vo, paper cover, 1d.

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE of the TRINITY.

By the late Rev. W. JONES (of Nayland). Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE CHURCH HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

These Publications are issued under the auspices of the Church Historical Society, of which the President is the Right Rev. M. Creighton, D.D., Bishop of London.

XL. THE CANONS of 1571 in ENGLISH and

LATIN. With Notes by the Rev. WILLIAM E. COLLINS, M.A. Small post 8vo, paper cover, 6d.

LVIII. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DEFENCE of her

PROCEEDINGS in CHURCH and STATE. With an Introductory Essay on the Northern Rebellion. By the Rev. WILLIAM E. COLLINS, M.A. Demy 8vo, paper cover, 6d.

A Complete List of the Church Historical Society's Publications may be had on application.

MATTER, ETHER, and MOTION. The Factors

and Relations of Physical Science. By A. E. DOLEBEAR, Ph.D., Professor of Physics, Tufts College, U.S.A. English Edition edited by Professor ALFRED LODGE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

BRITISH BIRDS, SKETCH-BOOK of. By R.

BOWDLER SHARPE, LL.D., F.L.S. 272 pp., crown 4to. With Coloured Illustrations by A. F. and C. LYDON. Cloth boards, 15s.

"Briefly he has produced a most interesting and informing book, which has been admirably illustrated."—*Guardian*.

A CHAPTER on BIRDS.—RARE BRITISH

VISITORS. By R. BOWDLER SHARPE, LL.D., F.L.S. With 18 beautifully Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

"The book is teeming with interesting facts, and should be added to every bird-lover's library as an inexpensive, but thoroughly reliable work."—*Knowledge*.

THE HISTORY of INDIA. From the Earliest

Times to the Present Day. By Captain L. J. TROTTER. Revised Edition, brought up to date. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

THE ROMANCE of SCIENCE.—OUR SECRET

FRIENDS and FOES. By PERCY FARADAY FRANKLAND, Ph.D., B.Sc. (Lond.), F.R.S. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with several Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth boards, 3s.

* Eleven other Volumes have already appeared in this Series.

List on application.

NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS: Budd-

hism. Being a Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Gautama, the Buddha. By T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, Ph.D., LL.D. New and Revised Edition, with Map, fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 2s. 6d.

TIME FLIES. A Reading Diary. By Christina

G. ROSSETTI. New Edition. Post 8vo, buckram boards, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d.

VERSES. By Christina G. Rossetti. Reprinted

from "Called to be Saints," "Time Flies," and "The Face of the Deep." Small post 8vo, printed in red and black, on hand-made paper, buckram, top edge gilt, 3s. 6d.; limp roan, 5s.; limp morocco, 7s. 6d.

THE FACE of the DEEP. A Devotional Com-

mentary on the Apocalypse. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, Author of "Time Flies." Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. An

Appreciation of the late. A Sermon by the Right Rev. B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L. With a Preface by the Rev. Prebendary GLENDINNING NASH, M.A. With a Frontispiece of the Memorial Panels of Christ Church, Woburn Square. Small post 8vo, paper cover, 4d.

THREE MARTYRS of the NINETEENTH

CENTURY. Studies from the lives of Gordon, Livingstone, and Patteson. By Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 3s. 6d.

MARTYRS and SAINTS of the FIRST TWELVE

CENTURIES. Studies from the lives of the Black-letter Saints of the English Calendar. By Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, 5s.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM, with NOTES.

Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates and Thirty-six Cuts in the Text. With Notes by E. M. New and Revised Edition. Small post 8vo, paper boards, 1s.

THE BIBLE in the LIGHT of TO-DAY. By the

Rev. CHARLES CROSLUGH, D.D. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 6s.

CHURCH SERVICES and SERVICE-BOOKS

BEFORE the REFORMATION. By the Rev. HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D., Litt.D. With Facsimiles of MSS. Crown 8vo, buckram boards, 4s.

HISTORICAL CHURCH ATLAS. Illustrating the

History of Eastern and Western Christendom until the Reformation, and that of the Anglican Communion until the present day. By EDMUND MCCLURE, M.A. Containing 18 Coloured Maps, besides some 60 Sketch Maps in the Text. 4to, cloth boards, leather back, 16s.

"Both the readers of ancient Church history and of modern missionary records will find abundant materials in it for their assistance."—*Guardian*.

"A great deal of labour and sound scholarship has gone to the making of this Atlas."—*Academy*.

LONDON: NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.; 43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

BRIGHTON: 129, NORTH STREET.

CATALOGUES.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 30, South Frederick St.
Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS

promptly supplied on moderate terms.

CATALOGUES on application.

DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered for
"Life of John Mytton," 1838—Collins' "Wild Red Deer,"
1862—"Old English Squire," 1821—"Progress of a Midshipman,"
1820—"Shirley Deer Farm," 1867—"Tom Raw the Griffin," 1828
—"Trials for Adultery," 7 vols., 1781—"Warwickshire Hunt,"
1857—Freer's "Last Decade," 2 vols., 1863—"Desperate
Remedies," 3 vols., 1871—"Pair of Blue Eyes," 3 vols., 1873—
"Lorna Doone," 3 vols., 1869. Rare Books supplied. State
Wants.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, BIRMINGHAM.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.
—KING, SELL & RAILTON, Limited, high-class
Printers and Publishers, 12, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet
Street, E.C., have specially-built Rotary and offset Machines
for printing illustrated or other Publications and specially-built
Machines for fast folding and covering 5, 16, 24, or 32-page
Journals at one operation.

Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence
New Journals.

Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices free. Adver-
tising and Publishing Departments conducted.
Telephone 68121. Telegraph "Africanism, London."

THE ADVERTISER wishes to MEET
with a GENTLEMAN who would take an interest in the
development of a well-known PUBLISHING BUSINESS,
which has shown itself capable of earning considerable profit.
An Author of a Book Collector with £2,000 capital preferred.
Address "Revis," care of STREET & CO., 30, Cornhill, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

BIRKBECK BANK,
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on
DEPOSITS repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the mini-
mum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.

STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums
on deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed £1.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE

FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND

FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S. Maps by BARTHOLOMEW.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency E. J.
PHELPS, late American Minister; Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.; ROBERT BROWNING;
A. W. KINGLAKE, and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.

THE NORTH WALES COAST.

BRECON and its BEACONS.

ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.

BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.

LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, BETTWSYCOED, and SNOWDON.

ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVEY.

BARMOUTH, DOLGELLY, HARLECH, ORIOCIETH, and PWLLHELL.

MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & Co., Ltd., The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

E P P S'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C C O A

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

SWINEY LECTURES on GEOLOGY.

Under the Direction of the TRUSTEES of the BRITISH MUSEUM.

A COURSE OF TWELVE LECTURES on "THE PLEISTOCENE MAMMALIA" will be delivered by R. H. TRAQUAIR, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., in the LECTURE THEATRE of the MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, JERMYN STREET, S.W. (by permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education), on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 5 p.m., beginning MONDAY, October 2nd, and ending Friday, October 27th. Each Lecture will be illustrated by means of Lantern Slides and Lime Light. Admission to the course free.

By order of the Trustees.

E. RAY LANKESTER, Director.

British Museum (Natural History),
Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

STEPNEY and BOW FOUNDATION.

The Governors of the above Foundation propose to APPOINT a HEADMASTER of their Endowed Boys' School, known as the Coopers' Company's School, and situated in Tredegar Square, Bow, E. Candidates for the post must be graduates of some University in the United Kingdom, and their age must not exceed forty-five. It is the intention of the Governors to offer a stipend of £50 a year from endowment, with a capitation payment of not less than £1 a year for each pupil in the school. The school building is constructed to accommodate 500 pupils, and is provided with specially well-equipped laboratories for Chemistry and Physics. The average attendance for the past five years has been 512 pupils per term. During the present term the numbers amount to about 450. The duties will commence on January 16th, 1900.

Applications must be sent here on forms which can be obtained from the undersigned, not later than Monday, 16th October. Personal canvassing will be held to disqualify any candidate.

H. P. BOYER, Clerk to the Governors.

Coopers' Hall, 71, Finsbury Street,
London, E.C., 25th Sept., 1899.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE (For Ladies)

43 and 45, HARLEY STREET, W.

Founded 1848.

PATRON—H.M. the QUEEN.

PRINCIPAL—The Rev. T. W. SHARPE, M.A., C.B.

MICHAELMAS TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Pupils are received at 14 years of age.

For particulars apply to Miss CROUCH, Lady Resident, who is now at the College to answer personal inquiries.

Boarders are received by Miss WOOD, 41, Harley Street, for College and School.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS.

The 25th Session of the Department of Science, Technology, and Arts will begin on OCTOBER 3rd, and the 6th Session of the School of Medicine on OCTOBER 2nd, 1899.

The Classes prepare for the following Professions: Chemistry, Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Sanitary Engineering, Mining, Textile Industries, Dyeing, Art, Leather Manufacture, Agriculture, School Teaching, Law, Medicine, and Surgery.

University Degrees are also conferred in the Faculties of Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, and Surgery.

Lyddon Hall has been established for Students' residence.

Prospectus of any of the above may be had from the REGISTRAR.

LECTURES in LITERATURE, HISTORY,

&c. Special INSTRUCTION in COMPOSITION by Correspondence.—RAY W. STEWART, LL.B., 7, Spencer Road, New Wandsworth, S.W.

TYPE-WRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references. Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss E. M., 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

F. V. WHITE & CO.'S LIST.

In cloth, gilt, price 6s.

Third Edition now ready.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"...Is written with all John Strange Winter's well-known brightness and vivacity of style...She is able when the occasion requires it to strike a deeper and more tender note."—Daily Telegraph.

In cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, price 5s.

A SAILOR'S BRIDE.

By GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of "Dr. Nikola."

Illustrated by A. Wellis Mills.

In cloth, gilt, price 6s. each.

The Second Edition of

The BOND of BLACK.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX,

Author of "The Day of Temptation," &c.

RICHARD MARSH'S MOST SUCCESSFUL BOOK.

IN FULL CRY.

Second Edition.

"Bristles with dramatic incidents."—Daily Telegraph.

"Will give much satisfaction."—The World.

"Distinctly a success."—Daily Chronicle.

"Not a dull page in the book."—St. James's Gazette.

ADELINE SERGEANT'S NEW NOVEL.

BLAKE OF ORIEL.

By the Author of "A Valuable Life."

F. V. WHITE & CO.,

14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

For the CIRCULATION and SALE of
all the BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA

per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books

at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS

per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUB-

SCRIPTION, and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis
and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST (100 pp.)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains: POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION. Also NEW and SURPLUS Copies of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, and RUSSIAN BOOKS.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

"THE ACADEMY"

LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

New Series. No. 2.

All readers attempting this week's
Competition (described fully on page
342) must cut out this Coupon
and enclose it with their reply.

